

CONTENTS.

1. The Church of England in the Mountains,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	515
2. The Female of the Human Species,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	534
3. Silken Chemistry,	<i>Household Words</i> ,	536
4. The Sculptor's Career,	<i>Eliza Cook's Journal</i> ,	538
5. A Word upon Wigs,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	543
6. Seventy-eight Years Ago,	<i>Household Words</i> ,	549
7. Chloroform,	" "	556
8. Gabriel's Marriage,	" "	557
9. Fruits of the Wilds,	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i> ,	574

POETRY: The Hill of Heath, 575.

SHORT ARTICLES: Punch, 513; Copper Coinage and a Decimal Coinage, 533; Anecdote of General Washington, 542; Carving of Poultry—Street Music, 548; Allan Ramsay, 574; Anecdote of a Crocodile—Speed on Railways, 576.

NEW BOOKS: 533, 537, 555, 556, 576.

From Punch.

RAP-RASCALISM.

"THE WITCH OF ENDOR SUPERSEDED EVERY EVENING" will probably very soon be the heading of the newspaper advertisements put forth by the "Spiritual Rappers." The following cool announcement of regular necromancy—or imposture—appeared last week:

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS from departed friends, which so much gratify serious and enlightened minds, are exemplified daily from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock, by the American Medium, Mrs. R., at, &c., &c.

There does, to be sure, seem to be something peculiarly shocking in practising on feelings relative to departed friends; but as the "serious and enlightened minds" that are so much gratified by such sordid imposition are brainless dupes, their sensibilities are the least likely to be outraged by the heartless hoax.

The Americans appear to have such a passion for territory, that, having licked all Nature, as they conceive, they now want to annex the spiritual world also. In this scheme of aggrandizement, however, they have competitors; for, consulting English prejudices rather than English grammar, a wizard has issued the notification subjoined:—

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—MR. HARDINGE and ENGLISH MEDIUM will give Spiritual Séances every evening, for the purpose of delineating the Living Age. VOL. I. 33

ating the truth and use of these wonderful communications. Most interesting, instructive, and useful impressions are written out by the Medium while subjected to the influence of Spirits.

Whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, or hollands!

Those who wish to see a female under the influence of spirits have a peculiar taste; but if they must indulge it, they had better perambulate the neighborhood of Seven Dials on a Saturday night, than go and pay their money to see that which, if worth seeing, is worth no more, and may be seen *gratis* in any disreputable part of town.

There is reason to believe that those who consult the Spirit Rappers do not, for the most part, do so in the hope of detecting the trick, but with "serious" if not "enlightened minds," impressed with a belief in their professions. For the gratification of minds thus serious and enlightened, we may expect, as above hinted, to have, in a little time, performances and exhibitions of real sorcery and genuine witchcraft openly advertised amongst the public amusements; and perhaps a theatre will be established whereat an actual *Zamiel* will come on in *Der Freischütz*; apparitions of authentic fiends will ascend in *Macbeth*, and Dr. Faustus will positively raise the devil.

SUPERNATURAL AMUSEMENT.—*Spirit-Rapping is Performed Nightly at the Pig-and-Whistle Harmonic Meeting, after each of the Songs and Glees, by Persons under the Influence of Spirits!!*

SPIRIT-RAPPING. — Gents knocking at the different doors as they go home late at night.

A GENUINE STOCK. — We have all of us heard of a "Son of a Gun," but the "Son of a Pistol" must be a new branch of the family tree from which the stocks of fire-arms are descended ; and yet, tracing the pedigree of one of Colt's revolvers, it stands (and, if need be, fires) to reason that a genuine Colt must be the son of a horse-pistol.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO. — To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping — to see a baby without kissing it — and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard?"

WHAT THE AUSTRIANS DO WITH BIRDS

WHICH CAN SING AND WON'T SING.

YE learned *dilettanti*, who, in the Opera pit, On *contralti* and *soprani* in awful judgment sit ; Who tell us if a *basso*, *contra basso*, or *tenore* May lawfully excite our wrath, or simply a *furor* ;

If you would keep your green-rooms free from petty feuds and jars, And, as Medea used, control your contumacious stars, I rede you, watch the Austrians well, and imitate the plan They have tried with La Signora Alaïmo at Milan.

We had the lady here, and thought she could n't sing at all ; You told us that her "register" was poor, her "compass" small ; That her "organ" in its "lower notes" was hoarse, and cracked, and weak ; And in its "upper," thin and flat — in short, all but a squeak : And that, in Verdi's stunning airs compelled to scream and shout, Its "middle notes" for many a day had all been quite worn out ; But though you wrote these cruel things, yet on each Opera night, You bore her song in silence with what fortitude you might.

But your true Italian critic, when a singer breaks a rule, Or can't "sustain the D in alt," is not so calm and cool ; He thinks each slight offence against the laws of tune and time Far worse than Austrian tyranny, and treats it as a crime : And as he cannot write each day some withering critique, He vents his spleen in many a groan, and shrug, and stamp, and shriek,

And howls the offending singer down, with a zeal and energy, Which, rightly used, might long 'ere this have set his country free.

So that when within La Scala's walls this hapless lady came, The first few feeble notes she breathed stirred up a fearful flame :

"*Ah, scelerata !*" shrieked the Pit. "*Ah, traditrice !*" cried

The Boxes, as her piteous gaze she turned from side to side ;

"*Civetta sventurata !*" "*Pavonessa maladetta !*"

Were the mildest of the civil terms with which her audience met her, Till wearied out, and choked with tears of shame, and fear, and rage, The poor Signora turned at last, and bolted from the stage.

Perhaps, you think, her exit brought her troubles to a close :

Not so ! The Austrian rulers put the finish to her woes ;

For, knowing that the people *must* have something to abuse,

A singer so unpopular exactly met their views ; They hoped, that in the general zeal *her* errors

to condemn, The Milanese would for a time, perchance, lose sight of *them* ;

So, saying that her contract had deprived her of the right

To quit the stage, they lodged her in the guard-house for the night.

Next day before the Governor their prisoner they set,

(Just as, in *La Gazza Ladra*, the soldiers place *Annette*),

And that functionary orders, to her infinite surprise,

That in La Scala's playbill she shall first apologize :

(So that really *there* as well as *here*, the playbill, day by day,

Must be growing more dramatic and amusing than the play)

And then upon its boards once more confront the hostile pit,

And take the censure critics think for her offences fit.

Oh, Italy ! the fairest and the saddest nook of earth !

Thy lot, though oft we grieve for it, must often move our mirth ;

And surely it is passing strange that, in a land so long

The chosen nursery and home of music and of song,

A singer quite unqualified to please the public ear

Should night by night upon the stage be driven to appear,

And that her audience, though it tries with sneer, and jeer, and scoff,

To mark its hatred of her song, can never hiss her off.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Life of R. Walker, Perpetual Curate of Seathwaite.* By the Rev. R. PARKINSON, B. D., Principal of St. Bees College. London: 1843.
2. *Reports of the Commissioners on Education in Wales.* London: 1847.
3. *Wales.* By Sir THOMAS PHILLIPS. London: 1849.
4. *Report of the Society for providing additional Clergymen in the Diocese of Llandaff.* London: 1852.

IN the liveliest and most graphic of all histories, there are few passages more lively or more graphic than that in which our great historian sketches the condition of the clergy between the Restoration and the Revolution. Nor is there any other portion of his work which has subjected Mr. Macaulay to more angry criticism. He has been accused of exaggeration and of caricature; of mistaking the exceptions for the rule; of making satirical lampoons the basis of historical statements; and even of intentionally misrepresenting the evidence which he cites, out of a desire to degrade the clerical order. His assailants, before they disputed the accuracy of his picture, and even denied the possibility of such a state of things as that which he portrays, would have done more wisely if they had examined, not only the records of the past, but the facts of the present. Instead of forming their conclusions from what they saw around them in the wealthier districts of southern or central England, they should have made acquaintance with the mountain solitudes of Wales, or the wild moorlands of Cumberland. There they would have found even yet existing not a few specimens of a clergy whose circumstances and position a few years ago might be accurately represented in the very words of that celebrated description to which we have referred.

"The Anglican priesthood," says Mr. Macaulay, "was divided into two sections, which, in acquirements, in manners, and in social position, differed widely from each other. One section, trained for cities and courts, comprised men familiar with all ancient and modern learning... men of address, politeness, and knowledge of the world; men with whom Halifax loved to discuss the interests of empires, and from whom Dryden was not ashamed to own that he had learned to write. The other section... was dispersed over the country, and consisted chiefly of persons not at all wealthier, and not much more refined,

than small farmers or upper servants... The clergy [in these rural districts] were regarded as a plebeian class. A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson... Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably... It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service." We have only to change the verbs in this passage from the past tense into the present, and it will be a faithful representation, not of the Anglican priesthood in the last half of the seventeenth century, but of the Cambrian and Cumbrian clergy during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and of no inconsiderable number at the present time.

A description, then, of the habits and manners, the education and social position, of these mountain clergy is not uninteresting to the historian. Yet, if that description could serve no other end than to gratify historical curiosity; we should never have undertaken it; for it is far more painful than it is curious, to witness any case of failure in one of the greatest and most beneficent of our national institutions — the Parochial System of the Church; and we cannot investigate the condition of our mountain districts without perceiving that such a failure has, at least partially, occurred. Under these circumstances, no mere curiosity would lead us to probe the wounds of the Church. If, indeed, the evils which we lament were incurable, we should veil them from the light in reverential silence. Nay, if we saw no sign of amendment, we might abstain, in hopeless discouragement, from suggesting remedies where there was no wish for cure. But the case is far otherwise. Many of the worst abuses are already rooted out; others are much abated. A description which would, fifty years ago, have suited almost the whole of Wales, and many counties in the north of England, must now be limited to the most impoverished districts of the former, and the wildest regions of the latter. The realms of clerical neglect are shrinking before the advance of civilization and the efforts of conscientious men. Yet this improvement may be rendered more rapid, and these reformers may be aided, by coöperation from without. Such.

coöperation can only be expected from an enlightened public opinion ; and public opinion requires a fuller knowledge of the facts for its enlightenment. It is in the hope of contributing to this knowledge that we enter upon the subject.

We have said that Mr. Macaulay's account of the Rural Clergy of the reign of Charles II. would apply almost verbatim to the Mountain Clergy of the present century. We may add that this condition of things originates in the same cause which he assigns for it ; namely, the inadequacy of the parochial endowments. But here we must guard against misconception. Let it not for a moment be supposed that we consider poverty a degradation to the preacher of the Gospel. God forbid that wealth should be necessary to the ministry of a religion which made the poor of this world rich in faith — a religion whose apostles were Galilean fishermen. A clergy may be very ill-endowed, and yet, by a judicious system of organization and discipline, and by a proper provision for its education, it may command not only the love of the poor, but the respect of the rich. The efficiency of the Scotch establishment during the last century and a half is a decisive proof of this. But if we have a clergy taken from the poorer classes of society, and left in indigence, without education, without superintendence, without organization, and without discipline, then it will inevitably become despised and despicable. Not that a priesthood of vulgar paupers is in reality more contemptible than a hierarchy of well-bred Sybarites ; for, in the sight of God, Leo X. was perhaps more despicable than Tetzels ; but that the cultivated Epicurean will be able to veil his faults under a more decent disguise. The careless and undevout members of an uneducated peasant clergy will retain the low tastes and coarse vices of the class from which they sprang ; and the zealous (who at the best must be a minority) will disgust their more intelligent parishioners by an illiterate fanaticism. These may be followed by the ignorant, but will be ridiculed by the educated ; those will be deservedly despised by rich and poor alike. When men, who are appointed by the State to be the religious guides and examples of the people, thus forfeit both the respect of the wise and the esteem of the good, the object of their mission is defeated.

But, before we proceed, we ought to notice the objection which will be made to our views

by some good men, whose disgust has been excited by the Mammon-worship too often seen in a rich establishment, and who fancy that they might get rid of worldly clergymen if they could get rid of wealthy endowments. Those who imagine this forget that poverty does not secure zeal, and that fasting must be voluntary to foster self-denial. Poor benefices are as great a temptation to the peasant as rich bishoprics to the peer. Secular motives are not excluded by small emoluments, but only brought to bear upon a lower class. If we could expect that the ministers of the Gospel would be all, or most of them, men of apostolic life and apostolic wisdom, their apostolic poverty would relieve them from many trammels ; and their lowly origin, while it enabled them better to sympathize with the humblest, would command the reverence of every rank ; for no real vulgarity can exist in him who is the devoted servant of God. Lancashire, amongst all her worthies, boasts none worthier than the poor and ignorant Walker of Seathwaite. But such men are necessarily exceptional. In regulating a great national institution, we must consider the effect of circumstances, not upon apostolic individuals, but upon the multitude ; we must deal with men as they are, not as they ought to be. If no man were to be admitted to the ministry who had not the spirit of a Paul or a Bernard, a Xavier or a Wesley, we must give up established churches and parochial systems altogether. No human regulations can raise the general mass of any great profession above the weaknesses of ordinary humanity ; but a wise machinery may, nevertheless, create a body of parochial ministers, who, though falling below the ideal standard, may confer a thousand blessings on the nation.

We repeat, then, that poverty, though in a Church perfectly organized and provided with all requisite machinery, it would not necessarily degrade the clergy, yet has been, under our existing system, an actual cause of their degradation. In mountain countries, the produce of the land, and consequently the value of the tithe, must always be smaller than in more fertile districts. But this necessary poverty has, both in England and Wales, been much increased by spoliation. In the middle ages the tithes of many parishes were alienated to monastic bodies ; and when the monasteries were suppressed, the tithes, instead of reverting, as they should have done, to the

parochial clergy, were granted by the Crown to other parties. It is strange, that the Church was most robbed in the very localities where it was originally poorest. The tithes thus alienated from the parochial clergy amount in the diocese of Bangor to a third of the whole; in St. Asaph and Llandaff to half; and in St. David's (which has been most despoiled), to four sevenths of the whole. In the diocese of Carlisle,* four parishes out of five (199 out of 249) have been stripped of more than half their tithes, and 154 stripped of the whole. In Durham, 147 parishes out of 260 have been entirely deprived of tithes.† In Wales there are 282 benefices in which the clergyman's annual income is below 100*l.*, and 527 benefices in which it is below 150*l.* In the diocese of St. David's, the number of livings below 150*l.* is 290 out of 419, or about three in every four; and 167 of these are below 100*l.* In Durham, 62 livings out of 260 are below 150*l.* In Carlisle, which is the poorest of all, out of 249 livings 151 are below 150*l.*, and 95 (nearly half) are below 100*l.*

But the actual poverty of the clergy in these districts has been even greater than that which the above statistics would lead us to suppose. For, till very recently, it was the practice to accumulate the richer benefices in a few favored hands, and to leave only the refuse for distribution among the mass of the clergy. The bishops of half a century ago seem to have been absolutely without a conscience in the disposal of their preferment. Their best livings and stalls were usually bestowed in leases upon their sons or nephews; and when these were satisfied, the benefices next in value were similarly strung together in favor of some Episcopal chaplain or college friend. Sir T. Phillips gives the following examples of such abuses, selected from the First Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which was published twenty years ago. At that time, a single ecclesiastic held the following preferment; in the diocese of St. David's three rectories, including five parishes; in the diocese of Gloucester one rectory, including three parishes; in the diocese of Bristol one prebendal stall. Another individual held two rectories in St. David's, a prebend of St. David's, two perpetual curacies in St. David's, an archdeaconry in St. David's, and a prebend of Brecon. Another held a rectory in Bangor, a perpetual curacy in Winchester, and two vicarages in St. David's. Another held a stall in St. David's, the chancellorship of St. Paul's in London, a rectory in Durham, and a perpetual curacy

in Durham. Another held a stall in St. David's, a rectory in Salisbury, a stall at Wells, and a rectory in Winchester. Another held a rectory in St. Asaph's, a rectory in Durham, a second rectory in St. Asaph's, a vicarage in Durham, and a stall at Norwich, and his income from these five preferments amounted to 4000*l.* a year.*

We ought not, however, to mention these abuses without stating that they belong to the past, and are rendered impossible for the future, not only by the higher sense of duty which animates the dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage, but also by an Act of Parliament against pluralities, which was passed in the present reign, with the unanimous concurrence of the Episcopal bench. Nevertheless, the consequences of these past transgressions still exist; the law must respect vested interests; and the pluralists created by a less conscientious age will cumber the ground for a few years longer.†

These pluralities probably reduced the average income of the Welsh clergy in the poorer countries, twenty years ago, to below 100*l.* a year. In the English mountains, as we have seen, it is still not much higher than this. Now it is plain that no parent whose means enable him to give his son a liberal education, will educate him for a profession in which his probable income would be (at the best) under 200*l.* a year. The cost of an English University education, including school as well as college, ranges between 1000*l.* and 3000*l.*; 1500*l.* may be considered a moderate estimate. But a parent would clearly be making a bad investment for his son, if he sank 1500*l.* for him in a way which only produced a life income of 150*l.*, charged with the condition of performing certain professional duties. In fact, he might purchase a life annuity charged with no conditions at all, on better terms.‡

* For other gross cases, see Phillips, p. 214-217. Canon Williams of St. Asaph, in a visitation sermon recently published, gives the following account of the former state of things in that diocese. "The best preferments were notoriously given with reference to some political or family influence. Even within my own recollection of many parts of this diocese, clerical non-residence appeared to be the rule, and residence the comparatively rare exception. The spiritual care of the parishioners was entrusted to curates, engaged at stipends disgracefully low. Even in their case, residence was not invariably enforced, and they often travelled several miles to perform their Sunday duty. On week days the intercourse between the pastor and his flock was in great measure suspended. . . . Nor was it always considered necessary to preach even a single sermon on Sundays."

† Out of 56 parishes, in the North of Pembrokeshire, 33 were still without a resident clergyman in 1847. See Educ. Com. Rep. i. p. 24.

‡ It is no answer to this to say, that English gentlemen of the highest education are daily or-

* We include in the diocese of Carlisle the portions of Lancashire and Westmoreland prospectively transferred to it by Act of Parliament.

† In Durham, however, many of these perpetual curacies are sufficiently endowed from other sources, though they have lost their tithes.

Hence it follows, that the parochial clergy of districts so ill endowed as those we have described, must be mainly drawn from classes below the gentry. And, in point of fact, we find that they are, with few exceptions, the sons of farmers or small tradesmen, who do not differ in habits or education from their parents, brothers, and cousins.

But it must be remembered, that amongst this rustic hierarchy are to be found, scattered here and there, some clergymen of rank and fortune, some of professional eminence, some of European reputation. So groundless is that cavil which accuses Mr. Macaulay of inconsistency in representing two orders of men so widely different from each other as existing side by side in the same profession. The very difference which he describes may be still seen in the regions of which we write. Thus, while the diocese of Carlisle was adorned by the science and piety of Dean Milner, and the acute logic of Archdeacon Paley, the mass of the inferior clergy were, in manners and acquirements, scarcely raised above the Cumbrian peasantry; and even now, within sight of those cathedrals which we associate with the names of Copleston and Thirlwall, indigenous pastors are to be found who cannot speak English grammatically, and who frequent the rural tavern in company with the neighboring farmers.

It is this latter class of clergy which forms our present subject. Their numbers may be roughly estimated at between 700 and 800 in Wales*, and about 200 in the north of England to curacies of less value than this; because their curacies are only the first step in their professional life, just as an ensigny is the first step in a military career.

* We have ascertained that out of 100 clergymen in the diocese of Bangor, taken at random, in November, 1852, there were — sons of clergymen, 29; sons of other gentlemen, 30; sons of farmers or tradesmen, 41. That is, two fifths are the sons of farmers or tradesmen. We believe the proportion in St. Asaph is about the same. Now in 1852 there were (including curates) in the diocese of Bangor 169 clergy, and in the diocese of St. Asaph 221 clergy. Hence, two fifths of these, or about 150 of the North Welsh clergy, are the sons of the lower classes. But, probably, a third of this number have received an Oxonian education, as servants of Jesus College (a circumstance which does not exist in South Wales). Hence we may deduct 50 from the class, as being better educated than the rest, and reckon the peasant clergy in North Wales as 100. In South Wales the livings below 150*l.*, and the curacies, are almost invariably held by this class; and many of the livings of higher value also. So that if we reckon *all* the curacies, and *all* the holders of livings below 150*l.*, as belonging to the peasant clergy, we shall still understate their number. Now in Llandaff diocese this will make their number 219, and in St. David's 402. So that we shall have 621 in South Wales, and in the whole of Wales their number will amount to 721.

land.* The features which we have to notice are strikingly similar in both localities; but we shall speak first and chiefly of that which, from its size and quasi-national peculiarities, is of most importance — the Principality of Wales.

A friend of ours was consulted, not long since, by a shop-keeper in a Welsh provincial town, concerning the prospects of his second son. "I am thinking, sir," said he, "of sending him into the Church. His brother is a clever lad, and takes well to the business, but I can't make anything of this one. I thought to set him up in trade, but he has n't the head for it. But I fancy, sir, he might soon learn enough to be ordained." But notwithstanding some recruits of this kind from the commercial interest, the chief supply of clergy is derived from the farming class; probably because the shopkeepers, by pushing their children in trade, can give them a better provision than the Church would offer. The general character of the small farmers among the Welsh mountains has been indicated in the Reports of the Educational Commissioners. They are there described as ignorant and addicted to intemperance; and their households are said not unfrequently to exhibit scenes of the coarsest immorality.† In such a home the future pastor may receive the moral training of his childhood, and imbibe his earliest views of life; those views which abide by us to our latest hour. In very many cases his father is a dissenter; but that does not prevent him from bringing up one of his sons to be a clergyman — for it is his duty to provide for his family — and a mountain living, though but a poor maintenance, may be rather better than a mountain farm.

Let us suppose, then, that thirty years ago, David Jenkins, a small farmer in Brecknockshire, resolved to bring up his son Evan for the Church; and let us attempt to follow the lad through his subsequent course, educational and ministerial, till he obtained a benefice. Young Evan acquired the art of reading at the Sunday school attached to the nearest meeting-house. In due time he learnt what was called English (which, however, he was

* We have 151 livings in Carlisle below 150*l.*, most of which are not above 70*l.* or 80*l.*; adding to these 30 curates, we have 181. In the adjacent hills of Durham and Ripon dioceses there may be about 60 more of the same class. So that in all they may amount to 260. In other parts of England, livings of 120*l.* a year would be held by gentlemen of private fortune, who take such small preferment from a love for the work; but this is seldom the case in the Northern hills. We may, however, suppose some slight deduction from the above 260, on this score.

† See Ed. Com. Rep. i. p. 21, and Rep. iii. p. 61, and p. 334.

never taught to translate into his vernacular tongue*) at some day school in the neighborhood. At length the time arrived when he must be sent to a grammar school. Such schools were scattered over the wildest portions of the Principality, by the benevolence of former ages; and though they have suffered much from the negligence of trustees, and have many of them sunk into a state of shameful inefficiency, still they continue in most cases to exist. In those days the College of Lampeter was not in existence, and these grammar schools formed the chief places of education for the clergy, some of them being specially licensed for that purpose. The pupils of these, when they had completed the prescribed course, were by a singular misnomer called *literate*s. In such a seminary Evan learnt to talk broken English, and perhaps to construe Caesar. There too he gained the power of stumbling through a chapter of his Greek Testament, and was crammed with such a store of theology as satisfied the easy requirements of a Welsh examining chaplain. He was now qualified to enter holy orders. But one indispensable condition must first be satisfied; he must obtain a *title*; that is, he must be nominated to a curacy by some incumbent. In the days of which we speak, the demand for such titles exceeded the supply. And in order to obtain this passport to their profession, the young candidates for ordination were willing to undertake curacies for the smallest possible salary. But here the law interposed; for it enacts that no curate shall receive less than a certain stipend, fixed according to the population and value of the benefice; and lest any evasion should be practised, both incumbent and curate are required to make and sign a solemn declaration to the bishop, that the former intends *bonâ fide* to pay, and the latter to receive, the whole amount of salary specified. We grieve to say that this declaration, when made by Welsh curates and incumbents, was too often deliberately false. We have heard of instances in which the curate agreed to serve for a salary of 5*l.*, while he solemnly affirmed in his declaration that he intended *bonâ fide* to receive 50*l.* Nay, such was the state of morality amongst this class of clergy, that these frauds were unblushingly avowed, and treated as matters of course. We will hope, however, that Evan Jenkins escaped this snare, and obtained holy orders without resorting to fraudulent pretences. He was engaged (we may suppose) at the lowest legal salary by one of the non-resident pluralists whom we have before mentioned, to feed the few poor sheep who were left by their shepherd in the wilderness. In this employment the follow-

ing years of his life were spent. Being a young and healthy man, he contrived in a short time to combine the charge of two neighboring parishes with his own. Thus he had every Sunday to serve three churches, each divided from the others by a distance of seven or eight miles, over mountain roads. By the aid of an active pony, a rapid elocution, and sermons reduced to the minimum of length, he contrived to get through his Sunday work with great credit; for two services in a country church were then unheard of. On the week days he was not much troubled with clerical duties, for the population were dissenters, and did not require his visits. Thus he had leisure for fishing and coursing, by which he added an occasional dish of broiled trout or jugged hare* to his simple fare. Meanwhile he was earning, by his plurality of curacies, a collective income of 70*l.* or 80*l.* a-year, much more easily than his brother, who now cultivated the paternal farm. On the strength of this wealth, he married the daughter of a farmer in his parish. His bride's sister was lady's maid in the house of a neighboring baronet; and he thought that this connection might gain him powerful patronage, and help him to preferment. If his calculations proved correct, and fortune favored him, he perhaps obtained, by this influential intercession, a benefice of 140*l.* per annum, just as the olive-branches were beginning to grow so thickly round his table as to throw rather a gloomy shadow over the frugal board.

The manner in which livings were obtained in those times is illustrated by the following narrative of a case which actually occurred in the diocese of St. David's during the last generation. We give the story (with the exception, of course, of the names) as it was told by the son of its hero. The Rev. David Jones was a curate in Cardiganshire, and had long watched the failing health of his neighbor, the Vicar of Dim Saesoneg. At length he received the news of his friend's decease, of which he had secured the earliest intelligence. No time was to be lost. His pony was instantly saddled, and off he rode by the shortest cut over the mountains to Abergwili, the residence of the bishop. The distance was fifty miles, half bog, half torrent; but hope lent wings to David, and soon he was in sight of the palace chimneys. Suddenly a cold pang shoots through his heart! He has forgotten his credentials! He had obtained, only a week before, a letter of recommendation to the bishop from an influential member of the squirearchy. And this letter he has left at home in the pocket of a week-day gar-

* There was a clergyman of this class in Glamorganshire, who used every season to lay in a stock of hares, which he salted down for consumption during the remainder of the year.

* See Educational Reports, *passim*.

ment. What is to be done? It is useless to attack the bishop without the letter. He must return for it at all hazards. Luckily he has a cousin who keeps a country inn not far from Abergwili. There he borrows a fresh horse, and pushes back with all speed. It is a moonlight night, so that he can follow the mountain track without difficulty; and before dawn he astonishes Mrs. Jones by his unlooked-for appearance beside the nuptial couch. But he vanishes from her sight again like a vision; he has found the precious letter, and buttoning his coat tightly over it, he hurries to the house of a friendly neighbor, who lends him another steed. While it is being caught and saddled, he snatches a hasty breakfast, and then is off again to Abergwili. Faint and saddle-sore he felt (so he told our informant) when once more he came in sight of the palace. Nevertheless, he tarried not for refreshment, but hastened on to the episcopal mansion. Tremblingly he rang the sonorous bell at the entrance, and when the door was flung open by the purple footman, in the excitement of the moment he accosted him as "My Lord." The servant was not disconcerted, being quite accustomed to such titular elevation. He showed Mr. Jones quietly into the library, where the bishop soon after made his appearance, and inquired, with an air of bland dignity, into the business of his visitor. The matter was soon explained, the squire's letter produced, and the bishop (having received no prior application) bestowed the desired preferment on the enrapported curate. In the highest elation, David retired to his inn, when whom should he meet in the stable yard, but his neighbor Thomas Williams, who filled the next curacy to his own. At sight of Jones' joyous countenance, a deadly paleness overspread the face of Williams. He felt that he was too late. But hope is tenacious, and he refused to believe in his rival's success, till he had himself seen the bishop. He rushed to the palace, and was admitted to an audience; but it was only to receive a confirmation of the unwelcome intelligence, with the additional mortification of an episcopal rebuke. "Sir," said the prelate, "Mr. Jones was obliged to ride a hundred and fifty miles to obtain this living; had you possessed his energy, you might have been here long before him, and secured the preferment for yourself."

Such was the disposal of Church patronage.*

* This subject of patronage reminds us of a story which was told by the late Bishop Jenkinson of St. David's. He had received a request from a Radnorshire squire to bestow a vacant living on a certain curate. The bishop consented, and being in London at the time, wrote to the curate, promising him the living, and desiring him "to come up to town" for institution. The curate replied very gratefully, and expressed his desire to obey

such the education and character of incumbents through great part of Wales, twenty years ago. Since then much improvement has taken place, of which we shall presently speak; and the junior members of the profession have been, in some respects, trained under happier auspices. But the older clergy were formed under the circumstances which we have described, and still retain the impress stamped upon them in their youth. And the extraction and social position of the Welsh clergy as a body still remains the same throughout the poorer districts. The distinctive features which we are attempting to portray, are to be found most fully developed in the region of which Cardigan is the centre, and which comprehends also the counties of Brecknock and Carmarthen, with the south of Merioneth, the west of Montgomery and Radnorshire, and the north of Pembroke; less strongly in Glamorgan. In the northern parts of Wales, as we have before stated, the Church has been less despoiled of its parochial endowments, and a majority of the clergy have received a university education; so that our description will not, without much limitation, apply to the northern counties, nor to the southern portion of Glamorgan and Pembroke, or the south-eastern part of Radnorshire.

The injurious effect produced on the usefulness of the clergy, by the low position which they hold in society, would surprise those who argue that worldly rank and station unfit a man for the office of an evangelist, and who imagine that his influence over the poor will be increased by his separation from the rich. We find, on the contrary, that where the manners and education of the clergyman are decidedly inferior to those of the upper classes, the lower soon lose the respect due to his office. As an illustration of our meaning, we will relate a scene which occurred not long ago in one of the counties which we have just enumerated. A friend of ours who had inherited an estate there went to reside upon his property, and when Sunday came, he of course attended his parish church. Out of respect for their new landlord, most of his tenantry (though they were all dissenters) came to church also; so that a congregation of unusual size was collected. After service the young squire waited in the churchyard, surrounded by a knot of curious observers, till the vicar came out; and then, respectfully accosting him, hoped that he would give him the pleasure of staying to partake of an early dinner at the hall, instead of returning to his own residence, which was at a distance. The

his lordship's directions instantly, "but, for me," he added, "I know not to what town your lordship alludes." "Going to town," in his habitual phraseology, meant the market town he was in the habit of visiting.

clergyman looked exceedingly embarrassed, coloring and hesitating very much, till the awkward silence was broken by one of the farmers present, who stepped forward as spokesman for the congregation, and said—“He is shy, master; he is shy. He does not know what to answer you. He should not like to dine at your table. He be not fit company for you. If you shall let him have some refreshment in your kitchen, he shall be glad to come.” The squire, exceedingly horrified by this blunt explanation (in which the vicar entirely acquiesced), continued to urge his invitation, and at last prevailed upon the clergyman to become his reluctant guest; but the poor man was so obviously miserable during the repast, that the landlord never again subjected him to the persecution of a similar hospitality.

Injurious as all this is to the poor, it can hardly fail to produce an effect on the gentry. Want of respect towards the ministers of religion may extend to religion itself, and that, too, the more easily as attendance at church is rendered irksome by the services being performed in a language either very imperfectly or not at all understood by the higher classes, and generally in a tone and manner peculiarly distasteful to them. This may in some measure account for the statements made by the Government Inspectors, concerning the indifference frequently shown by the landowners in these parts of Wales for the improvement and instruction of the population.*

Nor is this the only way in which their low position acts injuriously upon the clergy. We do not agree with Burke, that “vice loses half its evil by losing all its coarseness;” but it is true that refinement of mind and manners tends to suppress some vices, by suppressing their manifestation. A well-bred man is ashamed to give utterance to “those coarse, bad thoughts” of envy, hatred, and malice, which, among the rude and uncultivated, find vent in outspoken Billingsgate. If one gentleman has outstripped another in the chase of some object of ambition, the unsuccessful candidate (whatever may be his secret feelings) must meet his rival with outward courtesy. But when two Welsh curates have met, after one had obtained a benefice which the other sought, we have known instances of the vanquished assailing the victor with the most scurrilous vituperation. When we see the pursuit of pecuniary advantage in its eager and undisguised manifestation, among these simple children of the soil, we cannot help wishing that they had learnt to apply the doctrine of Reserve to their worship of Mammon. It is true that this cult is not confined to any one class of society; but it is

less revolting to the taste, when disguised under a veil of decorum. There is something shocking to the feelings in the open gathering together of the eagles around the carcass of every defunct incumbent. The crowd of begging letters with which the disposers of ecclesiastical patronage are overwhelmed, on every fresh vacancy, is a painful proof that incompetence does not inspire men with modesty, nor rusticity with contentment.*

But this want of refinement leads to evils still more serious than any we have yet mentioned. It exposes the peasant clergy to temptations which sometimes betray them into scandalous and degrading vice. Springing themselves from the lower classes, they have not been raised by education above the gross and animal tastes of their younger days. They are surrounded by friends and relatives whose highest enjoyments are found in the conviviality of the village alehouse. They are cut off, by want of cultivation and opportunity, from the pursuits of literature and art. What wonder is it, if they have yielded to the allurements of more familiar pleasures? if they have sought the only social relaxations which were open to them? and if many of them have, in consequence, been led to push conviviality into intemperance? Such a result from such circumstances is not surprising, however deeply to be deplored. We rejoice to know, however, that these scandals are far less frequent than they once were. A drunken clergyman, once no unfrequent spectacle, is now rarely seen. There are still, however, districts to which this improvement has not fully reached; and we fear that it will be long before the clerical character recovers from the stigma which has been branded on it by the vices of former generations.

As a specimen of the reputation which is thus attached to the profession, we may mention a scene which occurred not long ago, at an auction, in a market town of Brecknockshire. A case for holding spirits was one of the lots put up. For this there was a keen competition between a neighboring squire and his vicar. At last the layman gave in, and the spirit-case was knocked down to the clergyman amidst loud cheers from the bystanders, who exclaimed: “The parson do deserve it better than you, squire; he shall make more use of it.”

All flagrant scandals, however, are gradu-

* The manoeuvres of these artless candidates for preferment are sometimes amusing from their simplicity. For instance, we have heard of a case where a curate sent a panegyric on his bishop anonymously to the county newspaper when a living was expected to be vacant; and having cut out the printed letter, sent it to the bishop as soon as the desired preferment had fallen in, with a note in manuscript to the effect that “this letter was written by the Reverend — of —.”

* See Minutes of Council for 1849-50, pp. 194, 195.

ally being suppressed by a more conscientious public opinion, and by the increased vigilance of the ecclesiastical authorities. Those who are detected in a state of intoxication run a risk of serious punishment. An unfortunate sinner of this description was staggering homewards from the market town, where he had indulged somewhat too freely, when he was overtaken by a neighboring incumbent, who was the nephew of an influential dignitary. The rector bestowed a look of disgust upon his erring brother, and was riding on, when he was stopped by the piteous cries and entreaties of the culprit, who implored him to believe that it was quite unusual for him to be in his present state, and besought him not to expose the accidental frailty. "Promise me not to tell your uncle, Mr. —; promise me not to tell your uncle." Such offenders are now made to feel the terrors of the law. Our readers may, perhaps, remember a grotesque case of barbarism which was brought by the late Bishop Copleston, before the Court of Arches. Two clergymen had quarrelled and fought over their cups, and one had actually bitten off the other's ear! The defence set up in these cases is sometimes extremely ludicrous. In a recent instance, where a curate was accused of habitual intoxication, he pleaded that he only entered the public house to gain pastoral influence over his parishioners, and that he never took more than two glasses at a time. The latter assertion turned out, upon investigation, to be literally true; for there were four public houses in the village, and he took two glasses daily at each.

It is needless to say that the clerical duties are not likely to be very efficiently discharged where such habits are prevalent. The clergy there, indeed (as we have before remarked), are not even expected by their parishioners to perform those duties of pastoral visitation which form the daily task of an English clergyman. Their flocks have long since forsaken the pastures of the church, and look to other shepherds for spiritual food. During the interval between Sunday and Sunday, their office remains little better than a sinecure. In some, at least, of the districts before enumerated, even on Sunday there is seldom more than one service, and that is often omitted. Thus we read, in the government reports, of parish churches where "Divine service is very seldom performed unless there are banns to publish" (Rep. ii. p. 131); of others where "no service is performed in the church during five out of six Sundays, for want of a congregation" (Rep. ii. p. 135); of others where "the vicar rides by on the Sunday afternoon, but seldom has occasion to alight and do duty" (ibid.). The vicar will naturally be tempted, in such a case, occasionally to omit his afternoon's ride altogether. Thus, we know a parish where, not

long ago, the service was left unperformed on Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday, consecutively. These things sound shocking; but perhaps, when service does take place in such parishes, one is inclined to wish that the church had remained unopened. Throughout the churches of an extensive diocese, especially in districts remote from episcopal superintendence and archidiaconal visitation, an air of slovenly carelessness, and poverty-stricken neglect, pervades the aspect of the edifice and the ministrations of the officiator. The church is like a barn: sometimes with "large holes in the roof" (Rep. ii. p. 132), sometimes with "the panes of the chancel window all out" (Rep. i. p. 406); the floor is of uneven earth, or perhaps irregularly covered with broken fragments of the original pavement; the pulpit is in such a rickety condition that a preacher with much action would soon bring it down altogether; in the chancel, a communion table, propped upon three legs, is fenced by worm-eaten rails, half of which are broken down; the area below is filled by dilapidated old pews, of which nine out of ten are entirely empty. A dirty-looking man, in a surplice still dirtier than himself, ascends the reading-desk, and gabbles through the prayers. A ten minutes' sermon follows, and the brief ceremony is complete. We quit the building, feeling that the abomination of desolation has indeed taken possession of the holy place. Nor is its aspect improved on week-days. If we enter the churchyard, we find the vicar's horse or cow grazing among the tombstones.* The precincts of the sacred building are used by the parishioners for purposes quite incompatible with the spirit of sanitary reform;†

* See also the "Ecclesiologist" for December, 1852, No. 97. Of Brecknockshire we read:—"In some small churches . . . there is scarcely any architectural character of any sort, and the condition of several of them is quite disgraceful from dirt and neglect." Of Pembrokeshire:—"The state of several churches in this county is very bad, both from neglect and dilapidation." Those who are interested in the subject of Church Architecture in Wales will find much valuable information in the article from which these extracts are taken ("On the Churches of Wales"). The writer, who gives us the result, as it seems, of personal inspection, has classified the churches of any note or peculiarity of construction, according to their type, under the several counties in which they are found.

† "The churchyard is generally used by the poor of the town as a privy, few of them possessing at home any convenience of that nature" (Rep. i., p. 241). Compare the following from Archdeacon Allen's report: "On drawing my companion's attention to the filth left by the children under the walls of the church, and observing to him that he would not permit that sort of pollution under his parlor window, he replied, '*Nay, nor under my kitchen window neither.*'"—Minutes of Council for 1845.

for the Persian imprecation, "*May the graves of your ancestors be defiled,*" would have no superstitious terror for the villagers of Wales. We turn in disgust from these pollutions, and seek shelter within the church, the door of which stands invitingly open. To our surprise, it is half-filled with a set of disorderly and irreverent children, who are dispersed throughout the pews. After some minutes of perplexity, we discover that these urchins constitute the parish school, and that the old Welshman who sits within the communion rails is pretending to teach them English. The communion table serves for the master's desk, and is sometimes removed to another part of the church, to suit his convenience.* The font, also, is made useful; being filled with "bits of candle, slates, and fragments of books."† On seeing a visitor, the old pedagogue calls up his first class, and desires them to say their catechism, which is undoubtedly a good exercise of memory, since they do not understand a word of English, the language in which they learn it. Or perhaps he gives them a portion of the Bible to read, in which case it will be cruel if the visitor insists upon choosing the chapter; for the poor children can only read one, which is always selected by the master when they are called upon to exhibit.

Perhaps, however, it may be thought that the keeping of the parish school within the walls of the church is, at any rate, a sign that the incumbent takes an interest in the education of his parishioners. We rejoice to know that there are many who do so, and that the number is daily increasing, as we shall presently show. But we may be very sure that no such interest is taken where there prevails indecency and irreverence like that which we have just described. It is possible that a parish may be so impoverished, and the landowners so careless of their duty, as to render the erection of a proper school-room impossible; but, even in such a case, a good clergyman will find means of personally superintending the teaching of the young, the only portion of his flock which his dissenting parishioners will now entrust to his care.

* "The school was held in the church, and the children were dispersed throughout the pews. They behaved themselves in a most disorderly manner; one of them was singing a tune during the whole time I was there" (Rep. i., p. 270; see also pp. 410, 444). Again: "A portion of the church is, in Radnorshire, the most common place for school-keeping" (Allen's Report in Minutes of Council for 1845). The above extracts refer to South Wales, but the same practice prevails in some parts of North Wales also. (See Rep. iii., p. 6.)

† See Allen's Report, quoted above. The Communion table is not always used as the master's desk; sometimes he prefers boards laid across the bier. (Rep. iii., p. 6.)

How far the Welsh clergy have been, till very recently, from fulfilling their duty in this respect, is but too clearly shown by the reports of the educational commissioners. For there we learn that a large proportion of the day schools nominally connected with the Church throughout Wales, were, up to the year 1847, never visited by the clergy at all; * and that even in those which they occasionally visited, they very seldom gave any systematic instruction. The consequence was, that the religious teaching being left to ignorant and untrained schoolmasters, degenerated into a mere sham; and the scholars were only saved from a state of heathen ignorance by attending the Sunday schools of the Dissenters.† No doubt there were many exceptions to this rule in the more civilized portions of the principality;‡ and the advance made during the last five years has been great; but this improvement has not, we fear, very deeply penetrated those ruder districts which form the main subject of our present sketch.

The description which we have thus attempted of the peasant clergy in Wales would serve equally for their brethren in the mountains of England. These peculiarities have been created, not by any inherent tendencies of race, but by causes which have produced the same results upon the Saxons of the north as upon the Cymry of the West. We have before mentioned that the poverty of these mountain clergy is even greater in England than in Wales, and that they are derived from the same classes of society as their Welsh compere. They were formerly educated (as in Wales) at licensed grammar schools scattered over the country. These have now been superseded by the college of St. Bees, though specimens of the former system are still to be found among the older clergy. The poverty of their endowments leads most incumbents to eke out their subsistence by subsidiary employments; some keep village schools; most farm a little land; nearly all attend fairs and markets with the neighboring farmers. This association naturally leads to the same results which we have before lamented. An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent whom we have

* See Rep. i., p. 30, Rep. ii., p. 27, and Rep. iii., p. 38.

† Painful details may be found in Rep. i., p. 26-29, Rep. ii., p. 35, 36, and Rep. iii., p. 24, and 45-47.

‡ We ought especially to refer to the labors of the excellent Dean of Bangor, who is justly praised in the Government Reports (Rep. iii., p. 30), as the father of Church education in North Wales; and also to the more recent exertions of the Bishop of St. Asaph. The latter, indeed, advocated and promoted the secular education of the poor when he was himself a country clergyman, and at a time when he stood almost alone in his sentiments on this subject.

consulted, estimates the proportion of the bill-clergy in Westmoreland and Cumberland, who are "more or less intoxicated at one time or another, at parties, fairs, or markets," as one sixth of the whole number. Another informant writes, that "several of the clergy" in his neighborhood "are notorious drunkards." The social position held by the clergy may be inferred from the above statements. It is in fact precisely the same with that assigned to their predecessors by Mr. Macaulay. A gentleman who resides in Westmoreland writes thus:—"As a rule the clergy here are of a low order, and rarely associate with the gentry. In our own village, for instance, where the clergyman is not by any means a bad specimen, no servant is kept at his house, and several of his sons have been brought up to handicraft trades. We are very good friends, but he could not visit at my house. . . . His sister was waiting-maid to a friend of ours."*

Thus far the aspect of the Church is the same in the northern as in the western hills. But there is one marked feature of difference. In Wales the Dissenters outnumber the Church, and by their superior energy have obtained almost the entire control of the religious education of the people. In these English districts, on the contrary, the Dissenters are a weak minority; and the prevalent sect is that of the Wesleyan Methodists, who are but little alienated from the Establishment.

This difference would appear at first sight a proof of the greater attachment entertained towards the Church by the inhabitants of the English mountains. But we fear that it is in reality only an indication of the greater supineness and stolidity in which their clergy were sunk during the last century. For the dissent which now exists in Wales did not originate in the invasion of the Church's territory by an external foe; it sprang from the unwise attempt of her rulers to stifle a religious movement which arose spontaneously in her own communion, and amongst her own ministers. The history of that outburst of religious life, which so strangely broke the deadness of an age of spiritual stagnation, is now well known, so far as England is concerned; for who has not read that most readable of biographies, Southey's "Life of Wesley?" Every one is aware that Wesleyanism was created and organized by ministers of the Church, and that its system was only

designed to be subsidiary and supplemental to that of the Establishment. But many will be surprised to learn that this was still more especially the case with the Calvinistic Methodism of Wales, which is now regarded as one of the most hostile forms of dissent. The founders of this sect were all members of the Church, and all but one were clergymen. In the midst of the ignorant bores who then filled most of the Welsh pupils, there were to be found, here and there, men of a very different stamp; men burning with apostolic zeal for the salvation of souls, and called to the priesthood by a higher ordination than of human hands. Such was Griffith Jones, vicar of Llandowror, in Carmarthenshire, the father of national education in Wales, who, in 1730, founded the first of those catechetical schools, by which, before his death, a hundred and fifty thousand persons had been taught to read the Scriptures in their native tongue.* He spent a life of self-denying labor, in establishing schools, and circulating Bibles; for, till his time, the Bible had been an unknown book in the cottages of the poor.† He adopted the practice of field-preaching, and addressed large audiences in the open air, in different parts of Wales, with remarkable effect. Nevertheless, being an incumbent, he could not be deprived of his benefice without a legal cause; and accordingly he lived and died vicar of Llandowror. But his successors and imitators, being only curates, were removable at the pleasure of the bishops; and, one by one, they were ejected from their cures, by worldly prelates, who feared enthusiasm more than sin, and were zealous in nothing but in hating zeal. Such was the fate of Daniel Rowlands, the chief organizer of Calvinistic Methodism; of Williams of Pantycelyn, whose hymns are now sung in a thousand chapels; and of Charles of Bala, who succeeded these early leaders, and introduced Sunday schools into Wales in 1785. Howel Harris, though educated at Oxford, was refused ordination altogether; he afterwards founded the Methodist College of Trevecca, but never quitted the communion of the Church. Such men could not be silenced by episcopal prohibitions. They heard a voice from heaven commanding them to preach the Gospel; they saw that thousands were won by their labor from heathenism to Christianity; and they felt that even if schism were to result from their success, the guilt must rest on those who had cast them out. Meanwhile they continued members of the Church, and kept their followers in her communion. Nor was it till our own times that the separation occurred between

* Some years ago we were in a boat on one of the Cumberland lakes, when we observed upon the road which ran along the shore, a man and woman ride by on the same horse, the man in front, the woman behind. "There goes our priest and his wife," said the boatman. On landing, soon after, we saw the worthy couple making hay together, in a small field which the clergyman farmed.

* For a full account of this excellent man, see Phillips, p. 284, &c.

† Phillips, pp. 125, 285.

the Welsh Methodists and the Establishment. Until the present century they received the Sacraments exclusively from clergymen of the National Church, and recognized none others as duly ordained. In the year 1811 they first resolved to ordain ministers of their own, and only since that time have they been a dissenting sect. They have now about eight hundred places of worship scattered over every part of Wales, and teach more than a hundred thousand children in their Sunday schools.*

These Sunday schools exhibit (as Mr. Lingen truly observes) the most characteristic development of the Welsh intellect. "They have been," he adds, "almost the sole, they are still the main and most congenial, centres of education. Through their agency the younger portion of the adult laboring classes in Wales can generally read, or are learning to read, the Scriptures in their native tongue. A fifth of the entire population is returned as attending their schools."† The proportion of teachers is one to every seven scholars; so that a large number of the working classes devote their only day of rest to these labors of love. A considerable amount of theological knowledge is thus diffused among the population, though unhappily it takes the form rather of polemical than of practical divinity. Men utterly destitute of secular information, ignorant of the simplest elements of geography or arithmetic, may be heard discussing deep questions of scriptural metaphysics or ecclesiastical polity, in the tongue of the ancient Britons.

Apart they sat upon a hill retired,
And reasoned of foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

The language itself has been thus enriched with many new terms, and a native literature has been created by the appetite for theological information.‡ And however we must regret that these healing springs should be poisoned by the bitterness of party strife, yet

* See the table given by Sir T. Phillips, p. 171. The Sunday scholars of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are equal in number to those of all the other sects collectively.

† Rep. i., p. 3. For similar testimony from the other commissioners, see Rep. ii., p. 51, and Rep. iii., p. 59. We find from the latter report that in North Wales, the Church of England Sunday Schools were only 124 out of 1,161.

‡ On this subject we would refer our readers to the interesting information contained in Mr. Johnson's Report (Rep. iii., p. 59), and to the list which he gives of the periodicals and other works recently published in the Welsh language. Every sect seems to have its own magazine. We learn from Mr. Lingen's Report (Rep. i., p. 7), that many of the contributors to these magazines are found among the peasantry. It appears, also, that three-fourths of the contemporary Welsh literature is theological.

we cannot doubt that the intelligence of the peasantry is stimulated by the discussions in which they take part; and we may hope also that their religious feelings are nourished by the devotional ingredients which are mixed, though too sparingly, with their dogmatical repast.

Had the rulers of the Church done their duty during the eighteenth century, all this energy, instead of being driven out from her pale, would have been fostered, guided, and utilized; and thus the evils which have attended its present sectarian development might have been avoided. For sects, like monastic orders, have an invariable tendency to degenerate. The fervor of the first love dies away; the truths which were preached by those who had (as it were) discovered them anew, with such enthusiastic faith, and such life-giving power, turn in the second generation into stereotyped formulas. The regenerating creed is metamorphosed into a dead shibboleth of party. Welsh Methodism has now fallen into this phase of formalism. The distinctive tenets of the sect are carefully inculcated on its members, but the spirit is evaporated. Their Sunday schools vie with each other in committing to memory the *pynciau*,* in which their dogmas are embodied. The young people of both sexes meet in evening schools to prepare these schemes of doctrine; but, alas, such nocturnal meetings for devotion too often end in immorality.† This is the natural result of appealing to animal excitement as a test of spiritual renovation. Even the first founders of Welsh Methodism, excellent as they were, fell into this error. Whitefield boasts that during the preaching of Rowlands he had seen a congregation of ten thousand persons, "shouting Gogunniant Bendyitti, and ready to leap for joy;"‡ and too soon this readiness to leap turned into actual leaping. These fathers of the sect, however, were educated men: not merely clergymen, but raised above their clerical brethren in intellect and acquirements. Now, on the contrary, the great mass of preachers are utterly illiterate; and the most popular are those who can rake up the expiring embers of enthusiasm into a blaze by violent stimulation. Thus we have a residuum of much flame and little heat, "the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." Such

* A *pync* (plural *pynciau*) is a scheme of doctrine printed in question and answer, with Scripture proofs. The different classes in a school learn different parts of it; and when it is completely committed to memory, the school makes a triumphal procession to other chapels to recite it, as a kind of friendly challenge.

† See Rep. i., p. 21, and Rep. ii., p. 60.

‡ See Southey's Wesley, vol. ii., p. 225. Their real cry was Gogoniant Bendith i ti (Glory, Blessing be to Thee), but Whitefield did not understand Welsh.

preachers especially delight in calling forth that disgusting exhibition of folly and fanaticism which has disgraced the very name of religion in Wales—the practice of “*jumping*.” A whole congregation may be seen, drunk with excitement, leaping and shouting in concert, and profaning the most sacred names by frantic invocations.* We cannot wonder that these bacchanalian orgies end too often in the same manner as their heathen prototypes; for such fervor being purely of the flesh, is easily turned into the current of mere carnal passion. Moreover, the doctrine of the preachers who stir up such “revivals,” is frequently of the most antinomian tendency. Hence we must explain the melancholy fact, that the spread of religious knowledge in Wales has not been attended by an improvement in the morality of the people. In no other country has so large a portion of the population been instructed in controversial theology; and we fear that in no other country is there a greater prevalence of unchaste habits among the poor. Such, at least, is the unanimous evidence of the numerous witnesses examined by the government commissioners.†

Another evil which has attended the development of Sectarianism in Wales, is the entire religious separation which it has caused between the higher and lower ranks. Mr. Lingen too truly says that, “even in religion the Welsh peasant has moved under an isolating destiny; and his worship, like his life, has grown different from that of the classes over him.” The cause of piety, and of social order, both suffer from this unnatural isolation. The very idea of the Christian congregation is that it should embrace “high and low, rich and poor, one with another.” Within the walls of the church all disparities are equalized; here, at least, as in apostolic times, “the believers have all things common.” How painfully different is the state of things in Wales, often in the

better districts, where the clergy are both educated and efficient! You enter the church, and find perhaps five pews occupied. In one, the squire slumbers in the softest corner of the manorial seat. In another the butler’s attitude shows that he is sharing the repose, though not the cushions, of his master. The third pew is filled by the rector’s family, the fourth by his domestics. The fifth is occupied by the wife and children of the parish clerk, bound, by virtue of his office, to conform externally to the Church. But where is the population! A glance at the interior of the neighboring Zoar or Ebenezer will show you them. There they sit, as thick as bees in a hive, stifling with heat, yet listening patiently to the thundering accents of a native preacher, which you had heard while you were yet afar off, breaking the stillness of the sabbath air. *Tân uffern* (hell fire) is the expression which falls oftenest on the ear. The orator is enforcing his favorite doctrine of reprobation upon his rustic hearers; and you cannot help fearing that they are mentally applying his teaching, by complacently consigning the squire, the rector, and the parish clerk to an uncovenanted doom.

This unhappy condition of things not only severs the strongest bond of union between different ranks of society, but it also renders even the best and ablest clergymen comparatively inefficient. The pastoral position of a Welsh clergyman in most parishes, is indeed of a very hopeless kind; and the more zealous and energetic he is, the more distressing he must find it. Through no fault of his own, he is deserted by his flock; and those among the poor who frequent his ministrations are generally the worst men in the parish, who are rejected by the discipline (lax as it is) of the Dissenters; and to show their spite against those who have excluded them, exercise their legal right of attending the National Church. Such circumstances might well discourage the most sanguine; and it is infinitely to the credit of some among the Welsh clergy (and those no inconsiderable number), that instead of yielding to indolent despair, they have found in the very sterility of the soil entrusted to their cultivation only a new call to labor. Repulsed as theological teachers by their people, they have become their best instructors in practical religion. They have built parish schools, and thus taken up the only ground not preoccupied by dissent; for the Dissenters in general have contented themselves with their Sunday schools, without attempting Day schools. Such clergymen, therefore, have easily become the voluntary schoolmasters of their parishes, and thus secured the affection and respect of the younger generation. While, at the same time, they have been the friends and comforters of the aged, the sick, and the help-

* These scenes, however, are getting less common than they were, and many preachers discourage them. “I do make them *wip* (weep) and cry for mercy,” said a preacher with a very Welsh accent, to a friend of ours, “but I do not make them *lip* (leap). I do not wish to see them *lipping*.”

† The general result of this evidence may be summed up in the words of one witness (Rep. ii., p. 60): “Want of chastity is the giant sin of Wales.” Or is, perhaps, still more correctly stated by another, a magistrate of North Wales: “Fornication is not regarded as a vice, scarcely as a frailty, by the common people in Wales” (Rep. iii., p. 68. See also Rep. i., p. 21). We fear that this unanimous testimony of so many witnesses of all ranks and sects is not shaken by Sir T. Phillips’ arguments. He has proven, indeed, that the number of illegitimate births is not greater than the English average; but he has forgotten to notice the evidence given, that a large proportion of the poor women in Wales are pregnant some months before marriage.

less; and by showing a benevolence unrestricted by sectarian distinctions, they have taught their opponents the catholicity of Christian love. But virtue and energy like this cannot be expected from the majority of any profession; and we ought to make some allowance for the indolence and uselessness even of the worst among the Welsh clergy, when we remember the circumstances in which they are placed by the alienation of their flock. Many of them, in fact, occupy the same position with the ministers of the Scotch Establishment in those localities where the whole population has gone over to the Free Kirk; and we know how nearly irresistible is the temptation to such ministers, notwithstanding the stringent discipline of the Presbyterian Church, to convert their office into a sinecure.

But the Church of Wales has to contend with other difficulties, no less formidable than those which arise from dissent. The chief among these is the prevalence of two languages. The parishes of Wales may be divided into three classes. First, those where Welsh only is the language of the great majority. Secondly, those where English is spoken or understood by all. Thirdly, those in which the population is divided into a Welsh and English portion, neither being inconsiderable in respect of the other. These latter, or bilingual parishes, constitute the chief difficulty. If an Englishman is appointed to them, how can he satisfy the Welsh? If a Welshman, how can he minister to the English? The clergyman should, of course, be able to speak both languages; but he must speak one of them as an acquired, the other as a native tongue; and the very circumstance which attracts his Celtic parishioners will repel the Saxons. Again, how is he to manage about the services? Here he cannot please both nations; so he is reduced to a compromise which pleases neither, by performing service alternately in either tongue.* The rule adopted by the Welsh bishops seems, in itself, a right one; namely, that where so much as a sixth part of the parishioners do not understand English, at least half the Church Services should be in Welsh. Yet when, as often happens, the English inhabitants are churchmen and the Welsh dissenters, the action of this rule is unsatisfactory, compelling, in fact, the performance of one service every Sunday to empty walls. In those places where English is

either generally unknown, or universally understood, the same perplexities do not occur. But in the former case (where Welsh prevails exclusively), another difficulty is introduced, from the want of a supply of fit persons to undertake the ministerial office. The Bishop of Llandaff, in the valuable charge with which he commenced his Episcopal labors, states it as the result of his previous acquaintance with South Wales, that the only class whence the Welsh-speaking clergy can hope for recruits, is too poor even to afford the small expense of a Lampeter education.* We may add, that the same fatal difference of language excludes Wales from a source of aid by which England is largely benefited. There we see many of the very poorest livings held by clergymen of independent fortune, who have taken orders from a love for the work of the ministry, and who neither need nor seek more valuable preferment. Such men would gladly help that most ancient branch of their Church which has been established in Britain ever since the time of Constantine. But they are shut out by the impassable barrier of a foreign tongue.

Another cause of the inefficiency of the Welsh Church is the immense size of the parishes into which its territory is divided. As examples, we may mention Llandrillo in St. Asaph diocese, comprising an area of forty-two square miles, and endowed with only 161*l.*; Beddgelert in Bangor, comprising nearly fifty square miles, and endowed with 93*l.*; Ystradfydwg in Llandaff, containing forty square miles, and endowed with 130*l.*; and Caron in St. David's, comprising about fifty-five square miles, and endowed with 80*l.*† In the English mountains there are to be found parishes of even greater area than these; but there, they have been mostly divided into separate chapelries, of a manageable size;‡ whereas, the Welsh parishes have generally remained undivided. It is evident that such an extent of parochial territory renders the full performance of pastoral duties impossible.

The great size of these mountain parishes shows that when our parochial system was originally established they were very thinly inhabited. And so they remained till the

* Primary Charge of Bishop of Llandaff, p. 45-47. The Bishop suggests as a remedy, the foundation of Scholarships or Exhibitions; a recommendation which has been since acted on by some benevolent persons.

† Many similar instances are given by Sir T. Phillips, p. 222-224.

‡ Thus the parish of Kendal, in Westmoreland, contains an area of above a hundred square miles; but it has been divided into sixteen chapelries, each of them under the charge of an incumbent endowed with about 70*l.* per annum. So the large parishes of Crosthwaite in Cumberland, and Kirby Lonsdale in Lancashire, are each divided into seven chapelries.

* In some of these parishes the clergy adopt a singular mode of pleasing their Welsh parishioners, when the service is in English. They give out the text of their sermon, and that alone, in Welsh. The effect upon a stranger is sometimes startling. He imagines that the clergyman is suddenly bursting into a paroxysm of "the unknown tongues."

present century. But now, in some parts of Wales, especially in the south, the mineral wealth which has been discovered below the soil has covered its surface with a dense population. The counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth (nearly the whole of which are now included in the diocese of Llandaff) contained 140,000 inhabitants in the year 1821; and 417,000 in 1851. So that the population has trebled in thirty years. Within the last ten years it has risen from 305,000, to 417,000; a greater increase than that of any other portion of Great Britain. Thus the ecclesiastical agency, which was intended to provide for a few shepherds and farmers scattered among the hills, is now called on to meet the wants of overgrown manufacturing towns, which are doubling themselves every twenty years. So that we see "the machinery and appliances of the Church, originally designed for tens, or at most for hundreds, standing in solemn mockery of the wants of thousands and tens of thousands."* It might have been hoped that the creators of this vast population would have spent some portion of their enormous wealth for the benefit of those to whose toil they owe all that they possess. But we grieve to say that, with a few noble exceptions†, they have hitherto shown themselves insensible to the truth, that property has its duties as well as its rights. One of the Government Commissioners says of this manufacturing population: — "I regard their degraded condition as entirely the fault of their employers, who give them far less tendance and care than they bestow on their cattle, and

who, with few exceptions, use and regard them as so much brute force instrumental to wealth, but as nowise involving claims on human sympathy."* Strong as this language is, we fear it is not exaggerated.

Having then to contend against all these gigantic difficulties, the progress which the Church of Wales has made in the last few years is most creditable to those who have been instrumental in effecting it. And though such improvement has been chiefly in the more civilized districts, yet even among the peasant clergy sufficient amendment has taken place to show the truth of our previous remark, that poverty, though the actual cause, is not a necessary cause, of many blemishes which have disfigured the establishment. In the first place, those gross and scandalous abuses which prevailed in the last century are either entirely swept away, or fast disappearing. Episcopal superintendence has been changed from a name into a reality. Archdeacons visit their archdeaconries, and the obsolete office of rural deans has been revived; so that the bishop is kept constantly supplied with information of the state of every parish in his diocese. The ordinance of Confirmation, which non-resident prelates had suffered to fall into disuse, is now regularly administered. The clergy reside, for the most part, upon their livings, and no longer leave their duties to be discharged by half-starved curates. Pluralities are henceforward impossible, and the pluralist will soon be as extinct an animal as the Plesiosaurus. Full services are now performed in churches which had never before been opened twice a Sunday within the memory of man. Glebe houses are rising in every direction.† New churches are built; and old ones are restored, which the slothful negligence of a former generation suffered to fall into ruin. The eighteenth century may be called preëminently the age of ecclesiastical dilapidation. Totally without the sense of architectural beauty, it resigned the glorious masterpieces of Gothic art to the mutilation of the churchwarden; the cheapest patchwork of lath and plaster was good enough to repair a church. But in England there was at least sufficient sense of decency to keep the walls standing, and the roof weather-tight.

* Rep. ii., p. 233. See also the anecdote at p. 63. We find from the Report of the Diocesan Church Building Society, that 1000*l.* was anonymously given last year, to be expended in building a church in whatever spot might be considered the most spiritually destitute in the diocese. After due consideration it was determined to spend it in building a church for the workpeople of the wealthiest iron-master in Great Britain.

† In St. Asaph 70 parsonages have been built or restored in the last 40 years (Canon William's Sermon, p. 23). In Llandaff 60 parsonages were added during the 20 years of Bishop Copleston's episcopate.

* See Letter of the Archdeacon Llandaff on the wants of the Diocese (London, 1850), p. 5. Much interesting information will be found in this pamphlet, the author of which is distinguished not only by his eloquence and ability, but by a practical wisdom to which the Church of Wales is already largely indebted. Among other instances he mentions, that of Bedwelty parish, which in 1801 contained 619 inhabitants, and now contains about 30,000.

† Amongst these exceptions the Rhymney Iron Company should be mentioned with honor. In 1838 they unanimously agreed to the following resolution, "That the Company having caused to locate, on what were before barren mountains, a population of eight thousand souls, is upon every principle bound to provide and endow a church for the use of the tenants of the Company." Accordingly the Company built or endowed a church or parsonage, and provided schools also. We ought also to acknowledge that some of the mineral proprietors of this district, who sit on opposite sides of the House of Commons (Sir J. Guest, Mr. Clive, and Mr. Booker), have shown a proper sense of their duties, as ironmasters and landlords, towards their workmen. [Since writing the above, we lament to hear of the death of the former; but it is satisfactory to find that his successor in the representation of the great seat of the iron trade, is a man who has specially devoted himself to the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes.]

In Wales, on the contrary, several parishes thought it the cheapest method to let the structure tumble down* altogether; and the negligence of ecclesiastical authorities actually connived at this breach of law. But such slovenly profaneness was not confined to sequestered villages; it extended even to Episcopal residences and Cathedral foundations. The palaces at Llandaff and St. David's were abandoned to the moles and bats. The prebendaries of Brecon suffered their Collegiate Minster to fall into decay. But the ruin of Llandaff Cathedral was the worst example, and most characteristically illustrates the age in which it occurred. The bishop had long ceased to reside; the prebendaries had followed his example; the daily service had been discontinued; the very organ had been broken up, and Willis the antiquary (who visited the Cathedral before its fall) tells us that he found the pipes scattered about the organ-loft. The building itself was suffered to remain utterly without repair, although the Chapter had repeated warnings of its dangerous condition. At last, it was literally blown down by a great storm in 1722. The nave and towers were left in ruins; the choir underwent a more degrading fate, for it was patched up in the worst style of a Baptist meeting-house; the noble arches being filled up with brickwork, bull's-eye windows being added for ornament, and a white-washed ceiling to make all snug. Such was the fate of a cathedral which had been the seat of a Christian bishopric while the Saxons were yet idolaters, and when Canterbury was still a pagan city. In this disgraceful condition the fabric remained for 140 years, typifying, by its appearance, the state of the Church to which it belonged: a Church whereof two thirds exhibited the spectacle of an ancient and venerable institution fallen into uselessness and decay; and the only portion which still served any religious purpose, was transformed into the semblance of the conventicle. Let us hope that as its ruin was thus emblematic of the past, so its restoration may be significant of the future. At all events, its present condition shows that the sordid economy of a former age has been superseded by a very different spirit. Thanks to the conscientious zeal of the late and present deans, it is fast rising from its ruins, in all its original beauty. The Gothic arches have emerged from their plaster covering; the conventicular abomination has utterly disappeared; and the graceful clerestory and lofty roof once more raise the heart heavenwards.

Thus a flagrant instance of ecclesiastical breach of trust has been atoned for, and a foul blot wiped out from the escutcheon of

the Church. But this is only one of many examples where the piety of the children is paying the debts of their fathers, in the matter of church-building. By the most strenuous efforts, the Church is striving to keep pace with the increase of population in the manufacturing districts. During the last three years ten additional churches, and nearly twice that number of clergy, have been provided, to meet, in some degree, the most pressing wants of that vast tide of population which has deluged the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan; and this work has been accomplished mainly by the labors of the present bishop. Similar efforts have been made to supply the needs of the Flintshire coal-fields, and the Carnarvon stone-quarries. And even in the rural districts, many parish churches have shaken off the slovenly squalidity which so long disgraced them, and are restored to decency, if not to beauty.

But the true edifice of the Church is built, not of stones, but of men; and therefore we hail with greater pleasure than any of these external reforms, the proofs furnished by the last few years, that the Welsh clergy, as a body, are beginning to take a zealous and effectual interest in the education of the people. Of this, the Minutes of the Committee of Council furnish the most decisive evidence. Not only do we find a most excellent training college for the Principality, established under the eye of the bishop of St. David's, but diocesan boards of education have sprung up in every diocese, organizing masters have been engaged in visiting and remodelling the Church schools throughout the country, and Her Majesty's Inspectors report more and more favorably of these schools every year. But the most infallible test of their improvement is the rapid increase of *Pupil-teachers* paid by government; because they are only assigned to schools in a state of thorough efficiency, and are themselves subjected to a severe annual examination before they can receive their salary. In the schools under the superintendence of the Welsh clergy, the number of these pupil-teachers in the year 1849 was 90, in the year 1850 was 125, and in 1851 was 182.* The Minutes of Council for 1852 are not yet published; but we believe they will show a still greater increase.

* See Minutes of Council for 1849-50, 1850-51, and 1851-52. In one of the Inspectors' reports we find the following gratifying statement concerning three great centres of the manufacturing districts. "The incumbents of Merthyr, Dowlais, and Aberdare, three gentlemen of rare courage and zeal . . . have opened evening schools for adults . . . in which a large corps of volunteers, chosen from among the tradesmen, &c., perform the gratuitous functions of teachers, by monthly and weekly rotation . . . The clergy are always present in these evening schools." (Minutes for 1849-50, p. 212.)

* Instances are given at Rep. ii., p. 163, and other parts of the Reports.

In England, the improvement of the mountain clergy has, perhaps, been less marked than in Wales; but still it has been considerable. It was itself a great step in advance, when the Grammar schools were superseded by St. Bees' College; although it is to be regretted that the poverty of that establishment does not allow of the erection of proper collegiate buildings; so that the students, instead of being under the moral control and superintendence which they would enjoy if they resided under the same roof with their teachers, are left to their own guidance in private lodgings. This may, perhaps, account for the fact, that the clergy supplied by St. Bees are less satisfactory than those trained at the new University of Durham, the foundation of which has been the greatest boon conferred upon these poor mountaineers. The number of such Durham graduates is increasing among the clergy, though not so rapidly as could be wished; but no doubt the heaven of their example will in time spread throughout the mass. Already drunkenness (once so common) is considered discreditable; and though not extinct, is very much less prevalent than it was. The immoral clergy (formerly a considerable class in these districts) have disappeared. And an increasing interest is manifested in the education of the people, and in other good works.

The reforms which we have described have been mainly effected, both in England and Wales, during the last quarter of a century. The bishops (with scarcely an exception) have taken a leading part in these improvements, which they have frequently themselves originated, and always encouraged by their co-operation. We are anxious to make this acknowledgment distinctly, because we have spoken strongly of the mischief done by the bishops of a former generation; and we desire not to be misunderstood as if we confounded the present with the past. It would be difficult, indeed, to condemn too harshly the corrupt negligence and interested laxity of those prelates who misgoverned the Church during the last century. The Welsh bishops found it even easier than their English brethren to turn their office into a sinecure. They could despise the censures of a remote and barbarous province, while they spent their time agreeably in the social pleasures of Bath, or the political intrigues of London. Thus sometimes they passed many years without once visiting the flock to which they had sworn to devote their lives. We have seen how they disposed of their patronage, and how faithfully their neglect of duty was copied by their inferiors. But we may form a better notion of what they were, from the autobiography of the man who was one of the last, and was generally considered the best of them, the celebrated Bishop Watson

of Llandaff. This prelate held his see for thirty-four years. During all that time he never resided in his diocese, and seldom came near it. During the last twenty years we believe he never visited it. Including his bishopric, he held nine places of preferment, and actually contrived to reside on none of them. He settled in Westmoreland as a country gentleman, and there employed himself (we use his own words) "principally in building farm-houses, blasting rocks, inclosing wastes, and planting larches."* During all these years, he compelled the starving curates of his diocese to travel from South Wales to Westmoreland for ordination; a journey which, in those days, must have cost them a year's salary. And yet, at the close of a long life, he looks back upon his career with the most undoubting self-complacency, and evidently considers himself a model of Episcopal merit. And what is still more singular, he was so considered by others, and was generally regarded as an ornament of the bench. So low was the standard of opinion, fifty years ago. By such men irrevocable harm was done, yet they escaped with no censure. And now the sins of the fathers are most unjustly visited, not on their children, but on their successors. This has been especially the case in Wales, where a small but active knot of agitators tries to gain a miserable popularity by rousing the dormant jealousy of race, and stirring up the passions of Celt against Saxon. This party makes the appointment of "Saxon bishops" a special grievance, and the abuse of existing Welsh bishops a profitable part of their political capital. The Bishop of St. David's has been made the chief mark for their shafts;† and we honor him for the manly frankness with which he has turned round on his assailants, and exposed the motives by which they are actuated. We fully agree with him, that it is important that the English public and English statesmen should be made aware of the meaning of that clamor for Welsh bishops which sounds at first so plausible. If these agitators contended only that a Welsh bishop is the better for understanding the Welsh tongue, we should quite

* We cannot quote this autobiography without recommending it to our readers as one of the most amusing books ever published. The picture of Cambridge as it was in the middle of the last century is particularly interesting, and forms a sort of continuation to the period of Bentley and Middleton.

† The character of these attacks may be imagined from the popular superstitions to which they have given rise. Thus it is said to be believed in Cardiganshire that the bishop is everywhere accompanied by a favorite dog, which is trained to *know and bite a curate*. We have no doubt that this belief has saved his lordship from many troublesome applications.

agree with them. But they are not satisfied with this. The two bishops of South Wales already preach in Welsh. The very prelate whom they chiefly assail, acquired the language so perfectly as to use it in public within a year of his appointment. And any intelligent Englishman might do the same, unless he were made a bishop so late in life as to have lost the faculty of learning a new language, which would make his appointment objectionable on other grounds. But the *Dim Saesoneg* party tell us that they will have no bishops but those whose mother-tongue is Welsh. The clergy who fulfil this condition we have already described. At any rate, the number of Welsh-speaking clergy otherwise qualified for the episcopal office, is too narrow to afford a proper field for selection; and we leave our readers to judge whether the main body would supply desirable rulers for the Church.

We repeat, then, that the existing bishops are not responsible for the evils which we have mentioned. On the contrary, they have done, and are doing, their best to reform what is amiss. So far as the executive government of the Church can amend its defects, their amendment is secured. But in truth the changes needed are beyond the power, not only of any individual bishop, but of all the bishops collectively. The reforms required are not administrative but legislative reforms. The thing wanted is a better educated and more respected body of clergy; and this cannot be obtained (speaking generally) without an ampler provision for their education and maintenance. Here, then, are two desiderata; less poverty and more instruction. A third, is a stricter discipline, to repress scandalous offences. A fourth, more perfect organization, to make the Church in reality what it is in idea, the dispenser of the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number. How are those four wants to be supplied?

First, the income of every parochial clergyman throughout the Welsh and English mountains should be raised to not less than 200*l.* per annum. This is not the place for discussing the details of such a reform; but we believe that the revenues to be vested in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will afford the means for effecting it. In these revenues will ultimately be included the *appropriate tithes* (i. e., those alienated to ecclesiastical bodies), which amount in Wales to a quarter of the whole tithe rent-charge. However the augmentation of small livings is effected, it ought to take place gradually; the benefices being augmented as they successively fall vacant. Thus a superior class of men would be induced to educate their sons for the ministry of the Church.

As to the second desideratum, of securing

a higher education for the mountain clergy, the course of improvement already begun should be farther carried out. Proper buildings should be provided for the College of St. Bees', that its students might be brought under moral and social, as well as intellectual, discipline. The college itself might be incorporated into the University of Durham, on the same principle as so many colleges are affiliated to the University of London. Thus its students would gain the advantages of stricter examinations and academic degrees. In Wales, the College of Lampeter should (as Sir T. Phillips advises) be transformed into the University of St. David's. Its staff of professors should be increased, and its collegiate buildings should be rendered adequate to accommodate a sufficient number of future clergy to supply the demand of the principality. Exhibitions and scholarships ought also to be founded for the support of the poorer theological students; a good work, which (as we have mentioned) has been already begun at Lampeter. The funds necessary for these educational purposes can scarcely be now expected from the State; although it would have granted them willingly thirty years ago, had the rulers of the Church been at that time alive to her wants. But it would not, perhaps, be too much to hope that Parliament might advance to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners what was requisite to render the existing institutions efficient; such loan to be repaid by instalments out of the income at the disposal of the commissioners, which is increasing annually.

Much aid might also be given to the education of the poorer clergy, if Mr. Lingen's suggestions concerning endowed grammar schools (Rep. i., p. 41) could be carried out. He proposes that the free nominations in those schools should be thrown open to competition, and bestowed upon the more distinguished scholars of the primary schools; by which means a supply of the fittest material would be continually drawn upwards from below. The same advantage will no doubt result from the creation of the pupil-teacher system; the greatest educational reform which has ever been made in this country.

As to the third desideratum, stricter discipline, it has been long generally acknowledged that some legislative interference is required; yet it has been found very difficult to frame any satisfactory measure on the subject. When a clergyman is notoriously guilty of some flagrant offence, such as drunkenness or immorality, the bishop is often inconsiderately blamed for allowing him to escape with impunity by those who know not how small is the power of a bishop over an incumbent. In such a case the bishop must prosecute the offender at his own expense in the ecclesiastical courts; and, from some defect of evidence,

or some technical mistake, he may fail at last in obtaining a conviction, after having spent several thousand pounds in vain. Yet we do not blame the law, while the organization of the Church remains what it now is, for so jealously limiting the exercise of episcopal authority. So long as any power is irresponsible and arbitrary, it ought to be narrowly watched and fenced in with restrictions. Nor would it suffice to surround the bishop with a council of presbyters, as some propose, although that would undoubtedly give greater weight to his decisions. For the laity will always entertain a just jealousy of power wielded only by the clergy, even though it be over a member of their own order. What sort of justice would Mr. Gorham have received had he been tried by a jury of Exeter clergymen? A tribunal consisting exclusively of professional men must necessarily be unfitted for trying a member of their own profession. They know too much about him beforehand; and they are unconsciously swayed by class prejudice or party antipathies. This does not apply peculiarly to the clergy. A jury of barristers would be a very bad tribunal for the trial of an unpopular advocate. The verdict of a court-martial is notoriously often swayed by considerations extraneous to the justice of the case; though in this instance an exceptional judicature is tolerated by the law, from the absolute necessity for immediate action in military affairs. But ecclesiastical causes may be conducted more deliberately; and the laity have shown that they will rather endure many flagrant scandals than allow of any approximation to priestly tyranny.

The third desideratum, therefore, cannot be supplied without the fourth; better discipline is impossible without better organization. In order that the Church may be enabled even to repress the offences of her own officers — much more, that she may become the channel of social regeneration to the people — she must comprehend in her practical administration, not only her ministers, but her members. In the words of M. Bunsen, she must cease to be a "clergy church." Her laity must find a place in her system; and that a post, not merely of passive obedience, but of active co-operation. As things now are, a layman may pass through life without being once called to perform any ecclesiastical function. In other Protestant Churches and sects, the religious layman is as much an office-bearer as the clergyman; he has a function to discharge, a work to do. The whole ecclesiastical community is thus pervaded by a common life, and all coöperate, with a personal interest, in promoting the ends of the body corporate. So it must be with the Church of England before she can win that triumph over abuses inherited from the past, and difficulties developed by the present, which, we trust, is still

before her. She must live as a community, and not only in the lives of isolated individuals. At present she is like those lower orders of animals which are divided into a number of separate centres of nervous action, with no pervading will to give unity to the whole. She must rise to that higher scale of animated being in which the central volition is diffused by a spontaneous action through all the members; "the whole body being fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part."

To accomplish this there would be no need of revolutionary changes. It would be no difficult matter to give a recognized existence and ecclesiastical functions to the communicants of every parish; to unite the clergy of each rural deanery, with lay representatives from their several parishes, into a rural-deanery presbytery; to entrust such presbyteries with the election of a diocesan convention; and to assign to each of these bodies their proper work, under the superintendence of the bishop. The times are ripe for such a reform as this; and till it is effected, the Church must remain mutilated. If it were accomplished, it would probably soon be followed by all and more than all the changes which we have represented as desirable. One consequence to be expected from it would be the reabsorption into the Church of those great bodies of dissenters who agree in her doctrines, and object not to her forms. The natural position of the followers both of Whitefield and Wesley, is the position which they retained for so many years in spite of persecution, that of Religious Orders affiliated to the Church of England, and superadding to her system an internal discipline stricter than it is possible, or would be desirable, to enforce universally in a National Church. Who can doubt that these communities would return to the post which they quitted so reluctantly, if the lay element were duly represented in the councils of the Establishment? Then, and not till then, the Church would include almost the whole population in her pale, and that strength which is now wasted in intestine warfare would be directed against moral evil.

Many of the clergy complain that for a century and a half the Church of England has been left without a government. They say that, had Convocation been suffered to sit during this period, the abuses which we have enumerated would have been impossible. Non-resident bishops (for example) would have been shamed into at least an outward show of decency, if a representative assembly of the Church had annually met, in which their default of duty might have been discussed. We may admit this, and yet maintain that greater evils would have been caused

than cured, by committing the government of the Church to the Convocation as it is at present constituted. The laity of England are firmly determined never to entrust the Church of England to the sway of a clerical assembly. As a well-known dignitary wittily observed the other day, the fate of the Church must not be risked on the battle-field of *Stenyclerus*.* But the feeling would be different, if representatives of the laity, in due proportion, were joined with the representatives of the clergy, as in the Convention of the Episcopal Church of America, or the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. No fear could then be entertained lest the powers necessary for discipline and efficiency should be abused to the promotion of sacerdotal interests. We have the concurrent testimony of two very different authorities — Lord Shaftesbury, and the Editor of the "Spectator,"† — to the practical advantages which would be derived from the existence of such a body. Indeed, it must be admitted to be an anomaly, that while we have the Horse Guards to regulate the army, and the Admiralty to watch over the navy, we have provided no instrumentality whatever to superintend a department of the public service surely not less important. If muskets and uniforms require occasional alteration, so also do sees and parishes. If regiments have been sometimes misgoverned, so have dioceses. Our coast defences may need repair to keep out the Pope, as well as to keep out the French. Imagine the condition in which both army and navy would now be, had they been left for a hundred and fifty years to the direct administration of Parliament, with no intermediate machinery provided for adapting them, from time to time, to the changing circumstances of the age.

We do not believe that Parliament would resist any well-considered measures for giving the Church a machinery which should enable her to work efficiently. For if the State had ceased to believe in the principle of an Establishment — if it were convinced that the religious instruction of the people would be more wisely entrusted to the Voluntary System — it would carry out this conviction by disestablishing the Church. That is, it would appropriate (with due respect to vested interests) the ecclesiastical revenues to civil purposes. But to this course the Legislature has never yet shown the slightest inclination. It could not therefore consistently, while maintaining an Establishment, refuse to it that government which might be held, after mature consideration, most conducive to the ends for which, and for which alone, the Church has been established. We believe that the great body of the Church, both lay and clerical, are

daily becoming more and more of one mind upon this question. And we are convinced that when those who thus agree come at last to learn their strength, and their unanimity, they will find all obstacles disappear before them.

THE COPPER COINAGE AND A DECIMAL COINAGE. — It is understood the government has entered into a contract with Messrs. Heaton and Son, of Birmingham, for the manufacture of 500 tons of copper coin, at prices applicable to pence, half-pence, farthings, half-farthings, and quarter-farthings. This course has been resorted to in consequence of the impossibility of the Mint, under the pressing demand for gold and silver coin, to devote any part of its establishment to copper coinage; and the inconvenience arising from a deficient supply of copper being too great to admit of any further delay.

It is, however, necessary to say that we are informed on good authority that the means taken to obtain this supply has no reference whatever either to the rejection or adoption of a decimal coinage. Whatever is done in relation to that subject, which we understand is receiving a careful consideration at the hands of the government, the present supply of copper coin — a large portion of which is required for the different colonies and for Ireland — could not, under any circumstances, have been postponed. Nor will the existing copper coins interfere materially with the adoption of the decimal coinage, should it ever be determined to resort to it. In that case we may consider it certain that the *pound* will be the *unit* of the system; and that a farthing would be the *thousandth* part of a pound; — at present it is the *nine hundred and sixtieth* part of a pound. The lowest coin, therefore, in a decimal coinage, would be but 4 per cent. less in value than the present farthing; and as the margin between the intrinsic value and the nominal value of our copper coins is very great, the difference of *four per cent.* would be unimportant, so that probably, with little difficulty, the change might be made with our present copper coinage without any alteration. At all events we are assured that the present coinage of this copper must not be considered as an indication that the government has come to any decision in respect to the adoption of a decimal coinage. — *Examiner*.

The Medication of the Larynx and Trachea.

By S. Scott Alison, M.D., &c.

Dr. Horace Green of America applied nitrate of silver to the interior of the larynx and trachea, and Dr. Scott Alison has extended the practice by other medicines, as olive oil, in various diseases of the air-passages. Relief of symptoms, rather than cure, which must be sought by other means, is the object of the practice; but the ease of the patient doubtless facilitates the adoption of other remedies. The account is clear, and not strained. — *Spectator*.

* See Herodotus, ix., 64.

† Spectator of November 20, 1852.

From Chambers' Journal.

ON A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN THE
CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE OF THE
HUMAN SPECIES.

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL
SOCIETY.

THE changes which from time to time take place in the external forms and characters of animals are an interesting department of the science of the philosophical naturalist, for they serve to illustrate the principle of a certain definite subserviency of organized creatures to the conditions in which they live. It is but following out this principle a little further, and still keeping, as we think, within the proper range of that science, to examine and report upon those moral changes which take place in the highest of animated species through the effect of the conditions of social life. It is fully admitted that the variability of humanity — if we may use such an expression — is very great; and of this truth no one can doubt, who considers the difference between the cruel and treacherous savage and the highly-educated man of civilization. We do not need, however, to take these extreme ends of the history and condition of a people. Even in a single century, or, say, three generations, such improvements take place in national characters, as it would perhaps be difficult to believe, if we had not the best evidence of the fact.

I wish to call attention, on the present evening, to a remarkable change which has taken place, within about a hundred years, or a little more, in the character of the female of our own species. I must first, however, apologize for the nature of the evidence which I have to bring forward. It unfortunately happens that the human female — at all times an almost hopeless mystery to the naturalist, indeed to men of science generally — was very little studied by zoologists in the days of Seba and Buffon. I am not aware of a single observation on the subject in that age, which can be said to have been set down with scientific accuracy. This is very unfortunate, but it cannot be remedied. It happens, however, that another set of observers — namely, the poets — paid a good deal of attention to the ladies, and have left an immense number of references to them scattered throughout their writings. Now, I am far from saying that the poets can be accepted as, in themselves, singly, good witnesses, because it is well known that they decline swearing to the truth of what they advance. Yet, when we consider that we could not attempt to write the history of Greece, or trace its ancient manners, without making use of the writings of its poets, it will, I trust, appear as a thing utterly preposterous, that we should altogether

reject such evidence. It is a kind of testimony we cannot dispense with in many cases; and my impression decidedly is, that, if carefully examined and collated, and accepted only when it is found perfectly self-consistent, and in harmony with the usual tone of men who aim at speaking the truth, we may make a certain limited use of it, even for scientific purposes.

So much being premised, I proceed to remark on the great improvement which appears, from this evidence, to have taken place in the general affections of the human female since the middle of the eighteenth century. The creature, whom we all know to be now yielding, gentle, and kind, to a remarkable degree, is described in the writings of those irregular naturalists, as I may call them, as one of exceedingly barbarous and unrelenting character. From some of the poetical references in question, a literal interpreter might imagine that there were even some organic differences of a notable kind between the women of those days and the present. We hear, for instance, of eyes which had a killing power like those attributed by mediæval zoologists to the basilisk; likewise of bosoms of a marble-like coldness, as if the female of our species had not then been developed, in the circulating organization at least, beyond the reptilian stage. I must consider these allusions, however, as most probably only metaphorical; for we can scarcely imagine that even such early naturalists as Aristotle and Pliny would have failed to record such singular peculiarities, if they had had a positive existence. I come at once to the moral characteristics of which they may be accepted as part of the evidence.

It fully appears, then, that the human female, down to the time we are speaking of, was a very cruel creature. While addressed by individuals of the opposite sex with a degree of deference and adulation now totally unknown, she beheld them all with an unbending severity and disdain equally unexampled in our days. The memorials are so abundant, that the difficulty is to make a selection. Turning up, however, a single volume of Ritson's collection of English Songs, we find such passages as the following:

But oh! her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire;
And while in ice that frozen lies,
Her eyes dart only fire.

Between extremes I am undone,
Like plants too northward set;
• Burnt by too violent a sun,
Or starved for want of heat.

The whole book, indeed, seems to be a series of preachments on this one text. What Aaron Hill says in one page —

Chill, as mountain snow, her bosom,
Though I tender language use,

'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
To my arms and to my muse —
Is echoed by Henry Carey on another —

Must I, ye gods, forever love ?
Must she forever cruel prove ?
Must all my torments, all my grief,
Meet no compassion, no relief ?

It appears that even towards a patient reduced to the last stage of bodily distress and weakness, no sort of pity was shown by this merciless being —

When drooping on the bed of pain,
I looked on every hope as vain ;
When pitying friends stood weeping by,
And Death's pale shade seemed hovering nigh ;
No terror could my flame remove,
Or steal a thought from her I love.

The mischiefs wrought by some specimens in their dealings with other mortals, were occasionally of the direst kind. One gentleman solemnly says of a particular nymph he had had the misfortune to rank among his acquaintance :

Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

Seeing a woman and suffering extinction of life being thus syllogistically connected, we may imagine the wretched consequences to society. The most piteous appeals, such as —

— look to yon celestial sphere,
Where souls with rapture glow,
And dread to need that pity there,
Which you denied below —

seem to have been presented in vain. Myra, Lesbia, Clorinda, or by whatever other *sobriquet* these poor swains might designate the enchantresses who little deserved such delicacy at their hands, are invariably described as keeping up their savage cruelty to the very last. Some of the victims describe their feelings when approaching the only end which griefs like theirs could have —

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away ;
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay :
To th' Elysian shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

We have not, indeed, any means of knowing the amount of destruction produced by those pitiless creatures, there having, unfortunately, been no register of mortality, giving, in a reliable manner, the causes of death, till some time after the female character had begun to undergo a favorable change ; but from the prevalence in literature of the allusions to such tragic results, we cannot doubt that the evil was of very serious amount. It

may, indeed, admit of some doubt, whether the very large mortality of the former as compared with the present times, was not owing rather more to this cause than to inferior sanitary conditions, the virulence of small-pox, and other circumstances, to which it has been usually ascribed.

It will be acknowledged as something quite beyond our province to speculate on the teleological aspects of the question, and attempt to define the design which Providence had in view in permitting so much evil to exist. But it is our grateful privilege, as merely observers of the facts of nature, to remark that, with that mercy which shines through the universal plan, it had been so arranged that the savage tendencies of the female breast were limited to a particular period of life. The power and the disposition to treat men cruelly appears seldom to have appeared before the age of seventeen ; and the instances in which it lasted beyond twenty-five are rare. After that period of life, if marriage had not intervened, the female heart was usually observed to relent ; and I have not been able to discover a single well-authenticated case of cruelty recorded against an unwedded woman above thirty-five. Thus it appears to have put on very much the aspect of a kind of calenture ; and we are left to believe that many a woman, who had acted as a perfect tigress in early life, was converted in due time into one of those winning old maids, or one of those benign widows, who are also the themes of so many allusions in our by-gone literature. In this respect, physiologically, the whole subject assumes a very curious character. We find the hot head still applicable to the young man, avarice to the old ; all the great characteristics assigned to particular epochs of male life by our old writers, still remain as they were. How singular that the sanguinary character attributed to the female between eighteen and twenty-five, should alone have undergone a revolution !

That the revolution is a complete one, need not, I presume, be largely insisted on, as the Society must be well aware, from their own observation and experience, that coldness and rigor towards the opposite sex no longer mark the demeanor of womankind at any period of life. A poetical complaint against Myra or Clorinda is never heard ; and Mr. Farr can at once make clear, beyond dispute, that deaths from either the lightnings of female eyes, or the coldness of female bosoms, are not the subject of any return. At evening-parties, the waltz and polka demonstrate the amicable footing on which the two sexes live. Instead of holding out that she is to be sighed for by many, and will, at the utmost, take one, and kill off the rest, the young lady, with that submissiveness and courtesy which mark a high civilization, and which was doubtless

designed to be the highest development of her nature, does not now object that the question should rather be: Who is going to take her? Since Woman has thus been put into her proper social attitude, we see how much sweetness has been infused into those assemblies where the two sexes meet; barring, indeed, certain competitions which occasionally take place amongst the ladies themselves with regard to particular swains, and the little jealousies which will thence arise—a trivial incidental drawback from a great good.

From Household Words.

SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

Most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature; for who ever dreamt that silk is adulterated?

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge: well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and, being very dear and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently, when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster, to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterate matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration.

The presence of foreign substances in the silk is fatal to proper dyeing; hence the dyer proceeds to get rid of them by means of boiling the silk in soap and water. As silk thread becomes charged with foreign matters to various degrees, given weights of several samples will contain very different lengths. In this way manufacturers are often deceived in the produce of various parcels of thrown silks after coming from the loom.

In our own country, great as have been the strides made by most branches of manufacture, the silk-spinner or weaver has quietly

borne all these evils and disappointments in deepest ignorance of the Chemistry of Silk, and perhaps believing that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." He alone, of all the workers, has neglected to seek the friendly aid of the chemist.

Possibly it is this indifference to science, which has left the silk manufacturer so far behind every other son of industry. It is notorious that, whilst our cotton, linen, and woollen manufactories have been multiplied ten-fold during the last score of years, those of silk goods have made scarcely any progress. The manufacturers are themselves perfectly aware of this startling fact, and it was but a few months since that a memorial was presented from them to the legislature, praying that all remaining protection on their goods might be removed, as the only hope of giving a new vitality to their slumbering trade.

The truth is, that Frenchmen are more keenly alive to the value of science in connection with manufacture than ourselves. Whilst our silk manufacturers have gone on upon the old, well-beaten track, those of France have enlisted in their behalf the services of the chemist, who has brought their raw material as completely under his analytical control as subtle gas or ponderous ore. He has demonstrated to a nicety that its relative purity, its strength, its elasticity, its durability, its structure, the very size and weight of each separate fibre, may be shown and registered with precision and certainty. He tells the manufacturer the actual amount of latent moisture contained in a pound of silk; he shows him how much natural gum, resin, and sugar, every bale comprises; he points out how much lighter his thread should be after the processes of spinning and dyeing; and, more valuable still, he indicates the most profitable use to which every bale of raw silk is applicable: that whilst one parcel is best adapted for the manufacture of satin, another may be better employed for plain silk, another for velvet, and so on to the end.

In France, Italy, and other parts of continental Europe, the assaying, or, as it is there technically termed, the "conditioning of silk," is carried on under the sanction of the municipal authorities, in establishments called Conditioning Houses. The quantity thus assayed is published weekly for the information of the trade with as much regularity as a Price Current. In this way we may find it publicly notified that, in the Conditioning House at Lyons there were during last year five millions, thirty-seven thousand, six hundred and twenty-eight pounds of silk assayed; at Milan, three millions, four hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and ninety-one pounds, and other large quantities at St. Etienne, Turin, Zurich, Elberfeld, and other places.

Of so much importance has this process been deemed in France that, in 1841, a royal *ordonnance* was passed, setting forth the ascertained weight which silk loses by the conditioning process, and which is eleven per cent. This eleven per cent., added to the weight of the silk after the ordeal it has gone through, makes up what is termed its merchantable weight.

The French have brought to our doors the means of accomplishing what they have practised, during the last twenty years, with so much advantage. These means are no further removed from us than Broad Street Buildings, in the city, in premises lately occupied by one of the many colonial bubble companies which have so multiplied during the past half century. Science has established herself where humbug so recently sat enthroned.

We have paid a visit to these premises. The first operation we beheld was that of determining the humidity of silk. Eleven per cent. is the natural quantity in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always much exceeded. Several samples of the articles having been taken from a bale, they are weighed in scales, capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales, equally delicate and true; one end of which, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to two hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with the weights, being enclosed within a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived; — the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity. The natural eleven per cent. of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the parcels — after a most mathematical weighing — are boiled in soap and water, for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot-air chambers, subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now that silk of the greatest purity has lost not only its eleven per cent. of moisture, but a further twenty-four per cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk,

the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk; — its capability of being twisted round with great velocity without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical. A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and, by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which, after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for gros de Naples, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine beforehand to what purpose he shall apply his silk, and so avoid frequent disappointment and loss. In short, instead of working in the dark and by chance, he works by chemical rules of undeviating correctness.

After each of the above assays, or conditionings, the owner of the silk is supplied for a small fee with an authenticated certificate of its various qualities.

A Treatise on the Law and Practice relating to Letters Patent for Inventions. By John Paxton Norman, Esq., M. A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law.

The changes effected by the late act on the important subject of patents render a fresh account of the law desirable; and Mr. Norman's treatise is a book that may be safely recommended. Clear and well-arranged, comprehensive in its leading principles, yet terse in their expression, it is pervaded by a spirit of good sense, without which science of any kind becomes a dry husk, and law especially a mere bundle of arbitrary dicta. It will be understood that this is really a treatise on the law of patents, in which principles are digested from the statutes and decisions, expressed in a terse and scholarly manner, and not a mere commentary on a leading act of Parliament; though perhaps the volume would have been improved by the addition of the last statute. — *Spectator*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE SCULPTOR'S CAREER.

I. — BEGINNINGS.

WE are about to relate in the following pages the true story of an artist — one of the very greatest that England has yet produced.

The first scene lies in a shop, in New Street, Covent Garden — a very small shop, full of plaster casts, by selling which the worthy but humble proprietor managed to maintain himself, his wife, and his two boys. Arranged on the shelves around the shop and in the window were casts from the antique, which appealed to the classical tastes — casts of the Niobe, of the far-famed Venus de Medicis —

The bending statue that enchants the world —

of Hercules, Ajax, Achilles, and many more ; but these were for the few, and art in England was then but in its infancy. For the less refined and more ordinary tastes there were casts of George II., then king ; of Lord Howe, and Admiral Hawke, then in the heights of their fame — the naval darlings of England ; of the brave General Wolfe, who had gloriously fallen during that year (we are now speaking of the year 1759) on the heights of Quebec, and with the praises of whose gallantry all England was then ringing ; and there were also to be observed a few busts of the prominent-featured William Pitt, then a young man, but already a recognized orator in the English Commons. Such were the mute humanities of the shop shelves ; and from them we turn to the living inmates.

The master of the place might be observed, through a glass door which separated the little back room from the front shop, busily engaged in moulding a figure of one of the new popular men of the day — Admiral Boscawen, who had recently sprung into fame by reason of a victory he had gained over the French fleet off Cape Lagos. In the front shop, waiting for customers, we find a woman, and a boy — indeed, we might almost say a mere child. The woman is hanging anxiously over some lines the child is busily engaged in drawing with black chalk upon the paper before him. He has books on either side of him, which he takes up and reads from time to time, when fatigued by stooping over his drawing. The little fellow is propped up in a high chair, so that he can overlook the counter, on which his drawing and reading materials are laid. The chair is stuffed round with cushions, so that the poor little fellow may sit soft upon his day-long seat. Poor, pale, placid little boy ; debarred by disease and debility from taking any share in the amusements of his age, and doomed to sit there from day to day under his patient and watchful mother's eye, who springs to do his every little bidding.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," it is said, and truly. You had but to watch the sparkle of that boy's bright eye, and the blush that mantled his cheek, when some object of beauty, embodying a fine action or a noble idea, was placed before him ; or when he took up the book which lay by his side and thereupon endeavored to design with his chalk the actions therein narrated ; or when some chance visitor, interested in the poetic little invalid, talked to him of great poets, sculptors, and heroes — you had but to observe the rapt interest and enthusiasm of the boy on such occasions to be persuaded that, suffering and feeble though he was in body, his mind was quick to feel beauty in all its aspects, and that he revelled in intellectual delights of the rarest sort. Moreover, the boy was always cheerful, though grave in his manner ; he was patient and uncomplaining, though he oftentimes regretted that he could not go out to feel and enjoy the sun and the sight of the green trees in the parks like other boys.

The soul of our cripple invalid was the soul of a true genius, and behind that shop-counter it obtained its first impulse towards art. These casts from the antique and stucco medallions which surrounded the boy, and preached beauty to him from the mean shelves — comparatively worthless though to many they might appear — were the source of many beautiful and noble inspirations, which germinated in noble works in the boy's after life. It has been said that the soul of every man of genius is a mirror which he carries about with him wherever he goes ; and it is only by tracing the artist from his infancy that we discover the circumstances to which he owes in maturer years his genius and his success.

A customer entered the little shop one day. He was an elderly man, mild, benevolent, and gentle-looking — seeming by his dress to be a clergyman. No sooner had the bell hung at the back of the front shop-door, which was closed to keep out the cold from the little invalid — no sooner had it sounded and intimated the approach of a customer, than the master of the shop emerged from the back apartment, and approached, cap in hand, to wait upon the gentleman.

"Good day, John," said the visitor ; "I have brought with me a small figure for you to mend. My servant, in dusting this 'Helene,' has had the misfortune to chip off an arm, you see."

"And a beautiful thing it is, Mr. Mathews," said the man ; "beautiful indeed — a very gem. Yes, I will mend it while you stay. Plaster of Paris hardens in no time ; and you may take it with you, unless you would prefer that I send it by a messenger."

"No, I will wait," said Mr. Mathews ; and thereupon the image-maker retired into

the back apartment to proceed with the work.

A child's cough from behind the counter here startled the clergyman's ear, and he peeped over. The invalid boy was not mounted on his usual cushioned seat at the counter that day, but sat on a small chair behind it, with a larger chair before him, on which lay a book he was apparently engaged in reading. The clergyman was struck by the fine clear eyes of the boy, and his large beautiful forehead, which gave him a look of intelligence far beyond his years.

"What are you busy with there, my boy?" he asked.

The youth raised himself up on his crutches, bowed, and said, "Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it."

"A Latin book? Let me see it."

And the benevolent clergyman stooped over for the book. It was a *Cornelius Nepos*, which the boy's father had picked up at some cheap bookstall, for fourpence.

"Very good," said Mr. Mathews; "but this is not the proper book. I'll bring you a right one to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the boy.

From that introduction to the little boy behind the shop-counter an acquaintance began, which, the Rev. Mr. Mathews used to say, "ripened into one of the best friendships of my life." And, strange to say, he afterwards regarded it as an honor and a distinction to reckon that poor stucco-plasterer's boy as his friend.

Mr. Mathews was as good as his word. He brought several books to the little boy; amongst others, *Homer* and *Don Quixote*, in both of which the youth ever after took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of *Homer*; and with the stucco Ajaxes and Achilleses about him, looming along the shop shelves, the ambition took possession of him, that he too would design and embody in poetic forms these majestic heroes. The black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic young artist labored in a "divine despair" to body forth the shapes and actions of the Greeks and the Trojans. Like all youthful efforts, of course the designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to Roubilliac, the eminent sculptor, but he turned from them with a "Pshaw!" He saw no indications of talent in them. What could be expected of a child, then only seven years old! But the boy had the right stuff in him; he had industry and patience—patience, which Buffon has defined genius to be. The solitary boy labored at his books, and drawings, and models, incessantly. He essayed his young powers in modelling figures in plas-

ter of Paris, in wax, and in clay, some of which are to this day preserved—not so much because of their merit, as because they are curious as the first halting efforts of true genius.

The boy could not yet walk, though he was learning to hobble about on crutches, at the time when George II. died. He could not accompany his father to see the procession at the coronation of George III.; but he pleaded earnestly that he should have one of the medals which were that day to be distributed among the crowd. The father struggled to procure one for his poor cripple-boy at home; but no! In the scramble for the medals, stronger and more agile persons pushed the image-seller to one side; he obtained a plated button, bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, which he presented to his son as "the coronation medal." The boy expressed his surprise at such a device, and not long after he found out that he had been deceived. The father did not think of the moral injury he had done to the boy by his piece of acted deceit, well-intentioned though it might be: such things are not forgotten, and they are always injurious. But the fine nature of this boy could endure much, and he outlived the little wrong.

One of his practices at this time was to take impressions of all seals and medals that pleased him, and it was for this that he had longed for the "coronation medal." What he made of the horse and jockey, we have not been informed; but, when once reminded, after he had become a man, of these early childish pursuits, he observed—"We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

One day, the boy had been rambling in the parks—for a sudden flush of health came upon him about his tenth year, which enabled him to throw aside his crutches—and on his return, his mother sprang to meet him.

"Johnny!" she exclaimed, "you'll not guess? I have just had Mr. Mathews here, and—what do you think?"

"Well, mother, has he brought me the *Homer* back? He promised it some of these days."

"No, Johnny, not that; guess again. But no, you can never guess. Well, then, he has invited you to his own house, where you are to meet Mrs. Barbauld, the lady that writes the beautiful stories, you know; and Mrs. Mathews, the clergyman's beautiful lady, has promised to read and explain *Homer* to you herself! Well, now is n't our Johnny rising in the world?"

"Capital!" cried the youth, clapping his hands.

"Well, now," continued his mother, "I must have your face washed, and your pretty

hair brushed, and your Sunday clothes put on; for you are going to meet ladies at a party, you know."

"Well, dear mother, be it so; but be quick, will you? for I am so anxious to go."

And sure enough, about five o'clock in the evening twilight a little boy might be observed humbly knocking at the door of an elegant house in Rathbone Place. He was plainly but neatly dressed—diminutive in figure, and slightly deformed; his features, usually pallid, were flushed on this occasion, as they well might be—his whole frame being in a glow with anticipated pleasure and delight.

The door was opened by a waiting-man, who gazed with surprise at the boy when he told his errand—that he had "come to the party."

"Wait in the lobby, my boy—there may be some mistake;" and he ran upstairs to the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chaponé, and Mrs. Barbauld, with the lady of the house. The servant explained his message.

"Show up John Flaxman," she said at once, her eye brightening; and, turning to Mrs. Barbauld—"This is the little boy I told you of. He is really a fine fellow, with the true soul of a genius. I really believe he has in him the germs of a great man; and such as we, who have means and leisure, cannot bestow them better than in carefully fostering what may prove a source of general happiness and blessings. You call me an enthusiast, I know," continued Mrs. Mathews, with a fascinating smile; "but I have invited this boy to show you that in this case I have not been 'zealous overmuch.'"

And so saying, the little visitor, John Flaxman, was ushered into the drawing-room.

II.—PROGRESS.

Many a delightful evening—for long years after remembered by John Flaxman with pleasure and affection and gratitude—did the young artist spend by the fire-side of Mrs. Mathews and her kind-hearted husband. She read Homer, Virgil, and Milton, pointing out their beauties, explaining their ideas, and discoursing from time to time upon the characters which move across their pages. It was a great opportunity for the boy, and he was wise enough to profit by it. Under Mrs. Mathew's eye, he began the study of Latin and Greek, which he prosecuted at home. He used to bring with him, too, his bit of charcoal, and while the accomplished lady commented on the pictorial beauty of Homer's poetry, the boy by her side eagerly endeavored to embody upon paper, in outline forms, such passages as caught his fancy.

A beautiful picture this, of the accomplished woman turning aside from the glittering

society in which she had her allotted place, to devote her evenings to the intellectual culture of a poor, illiterate, unknown plaster-cast-seller's boy! Thanks, however, to her kind care and culture, the boy did not remain unknown; the genius thus cherished, in due time revealed itself—for from the chisel of Flaxman have come some of the noblest works of art which England has ever produced. And when Flaxman's praise is sounded, in justice to her memory let the name of the good Mrs. Mathews, to whom he owed so much, be affectionately remembered.

Many of these juvenile productions—executed at Mrs. Mathew's side—are still in existence, and display much quiet loveliness as well as sometimes graphic power. Yet not long before this, Mortimer, the artist, to whom the boy exhibited his drawing of a human eye, exclaimed to him, "What sir! is that an oyster?" The sensitive boy was very much hurt, and took care not to show his drawings to artists for some time to come; for artists, though themselves very thin-skinned, are disposed to be rather savage in their criticisms of others. But an artist and a sculptor the boy Flaxman had now determined to be; and he labored at self-improvement with all possible zeal and industry. He modelled and drew almost incessantly. He was mainly his own teacher, as every truly great man must be. He used all helps to forward him in his studies, gathering his knowledge from all sources, and ready often to invent methods for himself, after a kind of inspiration in which true genius is usually so apt.

The boy found patrons and helpers, too. Some of the visitors at Mrs. Mathews', greatly admiring his designs after Homer, desired to possess some drawings by the same hand; and Mr. Crutebley, of Sunning-hill Park, gave him a commission to draw a set for him in black chalk. His first commission! What a great event was that in the boy's life! A physician's first fee, a lawyer's first retainer, an actress' first night behind the footlights, a legislator's first speech in the Commons, an author's first book, are not any of them more full of interest and anxiety than is the first commission to the artist! And the boy-artist well and duly executed his first commission; it was a set of six drawings of subjects from antiquity, chiefly after Homer—and he was both well-praised and well-paid for his work.

Still he went on studying. His kind friend Mr. Mathews guarded him against indulgence in vanity—that besetting sin of clever youths—but Flaxman knew too well his own defects, and he relaxed not in his labors, but only applied himself more closely than before. He was fifteen when he entered a student at the Royal Academy. He might then be seen generally in the company of Blake and Stothard—young men of kindred tastes and

genius—gentle and amiable, yet earnest in their love of art, which haunted them as a passion. In Blake's eyes there shone a mysterious wildness, which early excited the suspicion of his fellow-students as to his sanity. But the man of genius is very often hovering on the brink of madness; and the "divine phrenzy" sometimes overpowers him. Young Flaxman saw in Blake only the kind and affectionate friend—sensitive like himself, glad to retire from the bustle of academic pursuits, and commune together about art and poetry, and the subjects to which the latter gave rise. All three—Flaxman, Blake, and Stothard, thus cultivated together the art of ready design—and the three, all in their day, we believe, illustrated *Paradise Lost*. Flaxman, however, gradually became known among the students, notwithstanding his retiring disposition, and great things were expected of him. Nor were these expectations disappointed. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize, and next year he became a candidate for the gold one.

The boy had now become a young man, with the incipient down of manhood on his lip. He had the air, the self-possession, and gravity of a man, yet all the simplicity and bashfulness of a child. His early delicacy, and inability to take part in the games of childhood, cast a shadow over his face in future years. Though slender in figure, he looked older than he seemed. Yet he did not lack in activity of limb and body—standing now in no need of crutches, which he had long since abandoned. The light of his soul shone through his eyes, which possessed a marvellous brilliancy, indicating the true temperament of genius.

Of course, everybody prophesied that young Flaxman would carry off the gold medal; there was no student who, for ability and industry, was to be compared with him; and when his candidature for the medal was known, all his fellow-students shouted out in one voice, "Flaxman! Flaxman!" as if none but he was worthy to win the prize.

The eventful day arrived. Old Flaxman—who had now removed his shop into the Strand, opposite Durham Yard—was busy with a popular bust of the Duke of York; but he was so agitated by the thought of his son's eventful competition, that he could not go on with his work; he felt like a fish out of water—could not sit, nor stand, nor settle down to anything, "but was all over queer like," peeping out along the pavement from time to time, to discern, if he could, the elate figure of his son marching homeward with the gold medal of the Academy. The hours slowly passed by, and late in the day John Flaxman entered his father's door. The old man sprang up at the sound of his footstep, and ran to

meet him. The boy's face was downcast, and even paler than usual.

"Well, John, what of the medal?"

"I have lost it, father."

There was a minute of perfect silence—neither spoke; at length the father said—

"Well, John, you must stick to it again, like a Trojan; never say die! But who has got it?"

"Engleheart. I am sure I wish him well; but I cannot help thinking that I *deserved* the prize. However, be that as it may, I am determined, if I live, yet to model works that the Academy will be proud to recognize."

"Said like a true Flaxman, John. Cheer up! You will take the medal yet."

"I will not try again, father; but I will do better. Only give me time, and I will show them something beyond an Academy prize model."

This failure on the part of the young Flaxman was really of service to him. Defeats do not cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their power of will and resolution. He redoubled his efforts—spared no pains with himself—designed and modelled incessantly, and labored diligently and perseveringly in the work of self-improvement.

But poverty threatened the household of his poor father, the profits of whose trade, at that day by no means remunerative, but barely served to "keep the wolf from the door." So the youth was under the necessity of curtailing his hours of study in order to devote a larger portion of his time to the bread-and-cheese department. He laid aside his *Homer* and took up his plaster-trowel. He forsook Milton to multiply stucco casts. He was found willing to work in any department of his calling, so that he might thereby earn money. To this drudgery of his art he served a long and rude apprenticeship; but it did him good. It familiarized him with work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome. Happily, the young Flaxman's skill in design had reached the ears of one of the great patrons of art in those days—Josiah Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potter, who sought out the lad with the view of employing him in the improvement of his crockery-ware. It may seem a very humble department of art to have labored in; but really it was not so. A true artist may be laboring in the highest vocation, even while he is sketching a design for a teapot or a dinner-plate. Articles which are in daily use among the people, and are before their eyes at every meal they sit down to, may be made the vehicles of art education to all, and minister to their highest culture. Even the best artist may thus be conferring a much greater

practical benefit upon his countrymen than by painting an elaborate picture, which he may sell for a thousand pounds to a lord, to be by him forthwith carried off to his country palace, and virtually hidden there.

The enterprising Josiah Wedgwood was a most energetic man, possessed of great public spirit. He desired to push his trade, and while he benefitted himself he also sought to improve the public tastes. Before his day, the designs which figured upon our china and stone-ware were of a hideous description—bad in drawing, bad in design, and bad in execution. Josiah Wedgwood found out Flaxman.

"Well, my lad," said he to him, "I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and a clever designer. I'm a pot manufacturer—name, Wedgwood. Now I want you to design some models for me—nothing fantastic, you know, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. Do you understand? You don't think the work beneath you? Eh?"

"By no means, sir," answered young Flaxman; "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days—call again, and you shall see what I can do."

"That's right—work away. Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds—teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!"

"I will do my best, sir, I assure you."

And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr. Wedgwood next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for vari-

ous pieces of earthen ware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief—the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after designs for marble. The celebrated Etruscan vases, many of which were to be found in public museums and in the cabinets of the curious, furnished him with the best examples of form, and these he embellished with his own elegant devices. *Stuart's Athens*, then recently published, also furnished him with specimens of the purest-shaped Greek utensils, and he was not slow to adopt the best of them, and work them up into new and wondrous shapes of elegance and beauty. Flaxman then saw that he was laboring in a great work—no less than the promotion of popular education; and he was proud, in after life, to allude to these his early labors, by which he was enabled at the same time to cultivate his love of the beautiful, to diffuse a taste for art among the people, and to replenish his own purse while he greatly promoted the prosperity of his friend and benefactor.

Engaged in such labors as these, for several years Flaxman executed but few works of art, and then at rare intervals. He lived a quiet, secluded, and simple life, working during the day and sketching and reading in the evenings. He was so poor that he had as yet been only able to find plaster of Paris for his works—marble was too dear a material for him. He had hitherto executed only one statue in the latter material, and that was a commission.

At length, in the year 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted his father's roof and rented a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho; and, what was more, he married a wife—an event which proved to him of no small consequence, as we shall find from the events in his future history.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON. — Towards the fall of the year 1775, General Washington and staff visited Chelsea on horseback, to view the features of the land thereabouts. They went from the camp in Cambridge, through Medford and Malden, and stopped by the way for rest and refreshment at the residence of Mr. John Dexter, situated in Malden, by the brook, just before you enter the central village on the north side of the old road leading from Medford. This house was about fifteen rods from the street, and distinguished for its convenience and the beauty of its situation, having many stately elm trees growing in regular lines in an open park in front, besides others growing by the roadside near, and was thus well calculated to tempt a troop of weary horsemen on a summer's day to dismount, to enjoy the coolness of the shade and the hospitalities of the mansion. Here Washington and

his suite alighted, and, after hitching their horses under the trees, entered the house by invitation of Mr. Dexter, and partook of refreshments. When the party came out to remount their horses, one of the gentlemen accidentally knocked off a stone from one of the walls which run along from the house to the street outside of the rows of trees. Washington remarked to him that he had better replace the stone. The officer, having remounted, replied, "No, I will leave that for somebody else to do." Washington then went quietly and replaced the stone himself, saying, as he did so, "I always make it my rule when visiting a place to leave things in as good order as I find them."

This incident was related to us by Captain Richard Dexter, the son of the said John Dexter, who was a witness of the facts related, and at the time about nineteen years of age. — *Bunker Hill Aurora*.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A WORD UPON WIGS.

WHEN it is said that Hadrian was the first Roman emperor who wore a wig, nothing more is meant than that he was the first who *avowedly* wore one. They were common enough before his time. Caligula and Messalina put them on for purposes of disguise when they were abroad at night; and Otho condescended to conceal his baldness with what he vainly hoped his subjects would accept as a natural head of hair becoming to one who bore the name of *Cæsar*.

As for the origin of wigs, the honor of the invention is attributed to the luxurious Iapygians in southern Italy. The Louvain theologians, who published a French version of the Bible, affected however to discover the first mention of perukes in a passage in the fourth chapter of Isaiah. The Vulgate has these words: "*Decalvabit Dominus verticem filiarum Sion, et Dominus crinem earum nudabit*;" this the Louvain gentlemen translated into French as follows: "*Le Seigneur decevelera les têtes des filles de Sion, et le Seigneur decouvrira leurs perruques*;" the which, "done into English," implies that "the Lord will pluck the hair from the heads of the daughters of Sion, and will expose their perriwigs." In this free and easy translation the theologians in question followed no less an authority than St. Paulinus of Nola, and thus had respectable warrant for their singular mistake.

Allusions to wigs are frequently made both by historians and poets of the ancient times. We know that they were worn by fashionable gentlemen in Palmyra and Baalbec, and that the Lycians took to them out of necessity. When their conqueror Mausoleus had ruthlessly ordered all their heads to be shaven, the poor Lycians felt themselves so supremely ridiculous that they induced the king's general, Condales, by means of an irresistible bribe, to permit them to import wigs from Greece; and the symbol of their degradation became the very pink of Lycian fashion.

Hannibal was, as Captain Bluff says of him in Fielding's *Amelia*, a very pretty fellow in his day. But for so stout a soldier he was on the article of perukes as finical as Jessamy and as particular as Ranger—as nice about their fashion as the former, and as philosophical as the latter upon their look. Hannibal wore them sometimes to improve, sometimes to disguise his person; and, if he wore one long enough to spoil its beauty, he was as glad as the airy gentleman in *The Suspicious Husband* to fling it aside when it wore a "battered" aspect. Ovid and Martial celebrate the gold-colored wigs of Germany. The latter writer is very severe upon the dandies and coquettes of his day, who thought to win attraction under a wig. Propertius, who

could describe so tenderly and appreciate so well what was lovely in girlhood, whips his butterflies into dragons at the bare idea of a nymph in a toupee. Venus Anadyomene herself would have had no charms for that gentle sigher of sweet and enervating sounds had she wooed him in borrowed hair. If he was not particular touching morals he was very strict concerning curls.

If the classical poets winged their satirical shafts against wigs, these were as little spared by the mimic thunderbolts of the fathers, councils, and canons of the early church. Heathen poets and Christian elders could no more digest human hair than can the crocodile, of whom dead, it is said, you may know how many individuals he devoured living, by the number of hair-balls in the stomach, which can neither digest nor eject them. The indignation of Tertullian respecting these said wigs is something perfectly terrific. Not less is that of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, who especially vouches for the virtue of his simple sister Gorgonia, for the reason that she neither cared to curl her own hair or repair its lack of beauty by the aid of a wig. The thunder of St. Jerome against these adornments was quite as loud as that of any of the fathers. They were preached against as unbecoming Christianity. Council after council, from the first at Constantinople to the last provincial council at Tours, denounced wigs even when worn in joke. "There is no joke in the matter," exclaimed the exceedingly irate St. Bernard—"the woman who wears a wig commits a mortal sin." St. John Chrysostom cites St. Paul against the fashion, arguing that they who prayed or preached in wigs could not be said to worship or teach the word of God with head uncovered. "Look," says Cyprian to the wearers of false hair, "look at the Pagans; they pray in veils—what better are you than Pagans if you come to prayers in perukes!" Many local synods would authorize no fashion of wearing the hair but straight and short. This form was especially enjoined on the clergy generally. St. Ambrose as strictly enjoined the fashion upon the ladies of his diocese. "Do not talk to me of curls," said this hard-worded prelate; "they are the *lenocinia formæ non præcepta virtutis*!" The ladies smiled. It was to some such obdurate and beautiful rebels that Cyprian once gravely preached on the text chosen by Sidney Smith when he took leave of his fashionable congregation in Fitzroy Chapel—"Thou shalt not commit adultery!" "Give heed to me, oh ye women," said the older preacher; "adultery is a grievous sin, but she who wears false hair is guilty of a greater!" It must have been a comfortable state of society when two angry ladies could exclaim to each other: "You may say of me what you please; you may

charge me with breaking the seventh commandment, but, thank Heaven and Cyprian, you cannot accuse me of wearing a wig!"

No pains were spared to deter women from this enormity. St. Jerome holds up the fate of Prætexta as a warning to all ladies addicted to the fashion of the world. Prætexta was a very respectable lady, married to a somewhat paganish husband, Hymetius. Their niece, Eustochia, resided with them. At the instigation of the husband, Prætexta took the shy Eustochia in hand, attired her in a splendid dress, and covered her fair neck with ringlets. Having enjoyed the sight of the modest maiden so attired, Prætexta went to bed. To that bed-side immediately descended an angel, with wrath upon his brow and billows of angry sounds roaring from his lips. "Thou hast," said the spirit, "obeyed thy husband rather than the Lord; and hast dared to touch the hair of a virgin consecrated to the service of Heaven, and hast made her look like a daughter of earth. For this do I wither up thy hands, and bid thee recognize the enormity of thy crime in the amount of thy anguish and bodily suffering. But five months more shalt thou live, and then hell shall be thy portion; and if thou art bold enough to touch the head of Eustochia again, thy husband and thy children shall die even before thee." St. Jerome pledges himself for the truth of this story, and draws a moral therefrom which is exceedingly perplexing and utterly unintelligible.

The ladies were more difficult of management than the clergy. The former were not to be terrified by the assurance that breaking an ordinance of man was a worse crime than breaking one of the commandments of God. The hair of the clergy was kept straight by decrees of forfeiture of revenues or benefice against incumbents who approached the altars with curls even of their natural hair. Pommades and scented waters were denounced as damnable inventions, but *anathema* was uttered against the priest guilty of wearing one single hair combed up above its fellows. Every one knows that the present worthy Bishop of Oxford is, in one respect, like "the curled son of Clinias." By that resemblance, however, his lordship would have been in the olden time *ipso facto* excommunicate, according to the decree of the Council of Lateran (Gregory II.), which says, "*Quicumque ex clericis comam relaxaverit, anathema sit.*"

"All personal disguise," says Tertullian, "is adultery before God; all perukes, paint and powder are such disguises, and inventions of the devil: *ergo*," &c. This zealous individual appeals to personal as often as to religious feeling. If you will not fling away your false hair, says he, as hateful to Heaven, can't I make it hateful to yourselves by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have

come, not only from a criminal, but from a very dirty head—perhaps from the head of one already damned! This was a very hard hit indeed, but it was not nearly so clever a stroke at wigs as that dealt by Clemens of Alexandria. The latter informed the astounded wig-wearers that when they knelt at church to receive the blessing, they must be good enough to recollect that the benediction remained on the wig, and did not pass through to the wearer! This was a stumbling-block to the people, many of whom, however, retained the peruke, and took their chance as to the transmission of the blessing. On similarly obstinate people Tertullian rushed with a hasty charge of ill-prepared logic: "You were not born with wigs," said he; "God did not give them to you. God not giving them, you must necessarily have received them from the devil!" It was manifest that so rickety a syllogism was perfectly incapable of shaking the lightest "scratch" from a reasoning Christian skull.

Indeed, the logic of Tertullian, when levelled against wigs, is singularly faulty. Men of the world he points out as being given to over-scrupulous cleanliness. Your saint is dirty from an impulse of duty. Were he otherwise, he might be too seductive to the weaker sex! This reminds me of a monk I once heard of when at Prague. He was blind, but he had so fine a nose that he boasted of being able to tell a saint from a sinner by the smell. The *ichor* distilled by the former gave forth an odor of sanctity, that was more savory to the blind monk than to worldly men content to live cleanly and do their duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them.

Not only were the Scriptures pressed into service against those who wore false hair, or who dyed their own, but zealous Christian priests quoted even the heathen writers to shame men out of the custom. It is a remarkable thing how very well acquainted these well-meaning, but somewhat overstraining, personages were with the erotic points of heathendom.

English ladies do not appear to have adopted the fashion of wearing wigs until about the year 1550. Junius, in his *Commentarium de Conâ*, says that false hair came into use here about that time, and that such use had never before been adopted by English matrons. Some three hundred years before this the Benedictine monks at Canterbury, who were canons of the cathedral, very pathetically represented to Pope Innocent IV. that they were subject to catch very bad colds from serving in the wide and chilly cathedral bareheaded. The pontiff gave them solemn permission to guard against catarrh, rheum, bronchitis, and phthisis, by covering their heads with the hood common to their order, having especial

care, however, to fling back the hood at the reading of the Gospel and at the elevation of the Host. Zealous churchmen have been very indignant at the attempts made to prove that the permission of Innocent IV. might be construed as a concession to priests for wearing wigs, if they were so minded. The question was settled at the great Council of England held in London in 1268. That council refused to sanction the wearing by clerics of "quas vulgo *coifas* vocant," except when they were travelling. In church and in presence of their bishop they were ordered to appear bare-headed. If a *coif* even was profane, a wig to this council would have taken the guise of the unpardonable sin. It is, however, well known, that though Rome forbade a priest to officiate with covered head, permission to do so was purchasable. In fact, the rule of Rome was not founded, as it was declared to be, on Scripture. Permission was readily granted to the Romish priests in China to officiate with covered heads, as being more agreeable to the native idea there of what was seemly. Native sentiment nearer home was much less regarded. Thus, when the Bulgarians complained to Pope Nicholas that their priests would not permit them to wear during church-time those head-wrappers or turbans which it was their habit never to throw off, the pontiff returned an answer which almost took the brief and popular form of "Serve you right!" and the Bulgarians took nothing by their motion.

Our Anselm of Canterbury was as little conceding to the young and long-haired nobles of his day as was Pope Nicholas to the Bulgarians. Eudmer, a monk of Canterbury, relates that on one occasion (Ash Wednesday) the primate soundly rebuked the hirsute aristocracy, put them in penance, and refused them absolution until they had submitted to be close-shorn. The prelate in question would allow none to enter his cathedral who wore either long or false hair. Against both, the objection remained for a lengthened period insuperable. When Henry I. of England was in France, Serron, Bishop of Seez, told him that Heaven was disgusted at the aspect of Christians in long hair, or wearing on manly heads locks that had perhaps come from women's brows; they were as sons of Belial for so offending: "*Pervicaces filii Belial capita sua comis mulierum ornant.*" The king looked grave. The prelate insinuatingly invited the father of his people, who wore long if not false locks, to set a worthy example. "We'll think of it," said the sovereign. "No time like the present," rejoined the prelate, who produced a pair of scissors from his episcopal sleeve, and advanced towards Henry, prepared to sweep off those honors which the monarch would fain have preserved. But what was the sceptre of the prince to the forceps of the priest! The former meekly sat

down at the entrance to his tent, while Bishop Serron clipped him with the skilful alacrity of a Figaro. Noble after noble submitted to the same operation; and while these were being docked by the more dignified clergy, a host of inferior ecclesiastics passed through the ranks of the grinning soldiers, and cut off hair enough to have made the fortunes of all the perriwig-builders who rolled in gilded chariots during the palmy days of the "Grand Monarque."

In what then but in profligate days could wigs have triumphed in England? Perriwigs established themselves victoriously — dividing even the Church — under Louis XIV. When a boy that king had such long and beautiful hair that it became the fashion for all classes to wear at least an imitation thereof. When Louis began to lose his own, he also took to false adornment, and full-bottomed wigs bade defiance to the canons of the church. Charles II. did not bring the fashion with him to Whitehall. On the contrary he withstood it. He forbade the members of the university to wear perriwigs, smoke tobacco, or read their sermons. The members did all three, and Charles soon found himself doing the first two. On the 2d November, 1663, says Pepys — "I heard the duke say that he was going to wear a perriwig; and they say the king also will. I never till this day," he adds, "observed that the king was so *mighty gray*." This perhaps was the reason that Charles stooped to assume what he had before denounced. Pepys himself had ventured upon the step in the previous May; and what a business it was for the little man! Hear him: — "8th. At Mr. Jervas', my old barber. I did try two or three borders and perriwigs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted, but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also." He took some time to make up his mind, and only in October of the same year does he take poor Mrs. Pepys to "my perriwig-maker's, and there showed my wife the perriwig made for me, and she likes it very well." In April, 1665, the wig was in the hands of Jervas under repair. In the mean time our old friend took to his natural hair; but early in May we find him recording that "this day, after I had suffered my own hayre to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of perriwigs is so great that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to perriwigs." In the autumn, on Sunday the 3d of September, the wicked little gallant moralizes thus on "perriwigs" and their prospects: — "Up and put on my colored silk suit, very fine, and my new perriwigg bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in

Westminster, when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done as to perriwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hayre for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague." The plague and fear thereof were clean forgotten before many months had passed, and in June, 1666, Pepys "walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honor dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine; and buttoned their doublets up their breasts, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever, which was an odd sight, and a sight did not please me." The moralist at Whitehall, however, could forget his mission when at "Mercer's." There, on the 14th of August, 1666, the thanksgiving day for the recent naval victory, after "hearing a piece of the Dean of Westminster's sermon," dining merrily, enjoying the sport at the Bear Garden, and letting off fireworks, the perriwigged philosopher, with his wife, Lady Penn, Pegg, and Nan Wright, kept it up at Mrs. Mercer's after midnight—"and these mighty merry, smutting one another with candlegrease and soot, until most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up and to my house; and there I made them drink, and up stairs we went, and then fell into dancing. W. Battelier dancing well; and dressing him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who with my wife came over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy—and Mr. Wright and my wife and Pegg Penn put on perriwigs; and thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry"—and in little trouble with the thought whether the skull which had afforded the hair for such perriwig were lying in the pest-fields or not. By the following year our rising gentleman grows extravagant in his outlay for such adornments, and he who had been content to wear a wig at 23s., buys now a pair for 4l. 10s.—"mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me." And yet amazingly proud was the macaroni of his purchase, recording two days afterwards that he had been "to church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new perriwig, made a great show."

Doubtless under James II. his perriwigged pate made a still greater show, for then had wigs become stupendous in their architecture. The beaux who stood beneath them carried exquisite combs in their ample pockets, with which, whether in the Mall, at the rout, in the private box, or engaged in the laborious work of "making love," they ever and anon combed their perukes, and rendered themselves irresistible. Wisdom was even then thought to be under the wig. "A full wig," says Far-

quhar in his "Love and a Bottle" (1698), "is as infallible a token of wit as the laurel"—an assertion which I should never think of disputing. Tillotson is the first of our clergy represented in a wig, and that a mere substitute for the natural head of hair. "I can remember," he says in one of his sermons, "since the wearing of the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude, and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair; and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and *let fly at him with great zeal.*"

The victory at Ramillies introduced the Ramillies wig, with its peculiar, gradually diminishing plaited tail, and tie consisting of a great bow at top and a smaller one at the bottom. This wig survived till the reign of George III. The macaronis of 1729 wore a "macaw-like toupee and a portentous tail." But when the French Revolution came in contact with any system—from the Germanic empire to perukes—that system perished in the collision. So perriwigs ceased like the dynasty of the Doges of Venice; and all that remains to remind us of bygone glories in the former way is to be found in the Ramillies tie, which still clings to court coats long after wigs had fallen from the head, never again to rise.

Lady Wortley Montague makes a severe remark in her Letters, less against wigs, indeed, than their wearers. She is alluding to the alleged custom in the East of branding every convicted liar on the forehead; and adds, that if such a custom prevailed in England, the entire world of beaux here would have to pull their perriwigs down to their eyebrows.

Tillotson, as I have noticed above, makes reference to the opposition which perukes met with from the pulpit. The hostility in that quarter in England was faint compared with the fiery antagonism which blazed in France. In the latter country, the privilege of wearing long hair belonged, at one time, solely to royalty. Lombard, Bishop of Paris, in the middle of the twelfth century, induced royalty not to make the privilege common, but to abolish it altogether. The French monarchs wore their own hair cut short until the reign of Louis XIII., who was the first King of France that wore a wig. To the fashion set by him is owing that France ultimately became the paradise of perruquiers. In 1660 they first appeared on the heads of a few dandy abbés. As Ireland in Edward Dwyer or "Edward of the Wig," has preserved the memory of the first of her sons who took to a perriwig, so France has handed down the Abbé de la Riviere, who died Bishop of Langres, as the ecclesiastical innovator on whose head first rested a wig, with all the consequences of such guilty outrage of canonical discipline. The indignation

of strict churchmen was extreme, and, as the fashion began to spread among prelates, canons, and curés, the Bishop of Toul sat himself down and wrote a "blast" against perukes, the wearing of which, he said, unchristianized those who adopted the fashion. It was even solemnly announced that a man had better not pray at all, than pray with his head so covered. No profanity was intended when zealous, close-cropped, and bare-headed ecclesiastics reminded their bewigged brethren that they were bound to imitate Christ in all things, and then asked them if the Saviour were likely to recognize a resemblance to himself in a priest under a wig!

Nor was this feeling confined to the Romish Church in France. The Reformed Church was fully as determined against the new and detested fashion. Bordeaux was in a state of insurrection for no other reason than that the Calvinist pastor there had refused to admit any of his flock in wigs to the sacrament. And when Rivius, Protestant professor of theology at Leyden, wrote in defence of perukes his "*Libertas Christiana circa Usus Capillitii Defensio*," the ultra-orthodox in both churches turned upon him. The Romanists asked what could be expected from a Protestant but rank heresy; and the Protestants disowned a brother who defended a fashion that had originated with a Romanist! Each party stood by the words of Paul to the Corinthians. In vain did some suggest that the apostolic injunction was only local. The ultras would heed no such suggestion, and would have insisted on bare heads at both poles. And yet, remarked the wigites, it is common for preachers to preach in caps. Ay, but, retorted the orthodox, that is simply because they are then speaking only in their own name. Reading the gospel, or offering up the adorable sacrifice, they are speaking or acting in the name of the universal Church. Of course, they added, there are occasions when even a priest may be covered. If a Pope invented the *barret*, a curé may wear a cap. Sylvester was the first pontiff who wore a mitre; but even that fashion became abused, and in the year 1000 a Pope was seen with his mitre on his head during mass—a sight which startled the faithful, and a fact which artists would be none the worse for remembering. After that period, bishops took to them so pertinaciously that they hardly laid them by on going to bed. These prelates were somewhat scandalized when the popes granted to certain dukes the privilege of wearing the mitre; but when the like favor was granted to abbots of a certain class, the prelate execration was uttered with a jealous warmth that was perfectly astounding. When the moderns brought the question back to its simple principles, and asked the sticklers for old customs if wigs were not as harmless as mitres, they were treated with as

scant courtesy as Mr. Gorham or the Lord Primate is in the habit of experiencing at the hands of a medieval bishop. If, it was said, a priest must even take off his *calotte* in presence of a king or pope, how may he dare to wear a wig before God? Richelieu was the first ecclesiastic of his rank in France who wore the modern *calotte*; but I very much doubt if he ever took it off in the presence of Louis XIII. It is known, however, that the French king's ambassador, M. d'Oppeville, found much difficulty in obtaining an audience at Rome. He wore a wig à *calotte*. The officials declared he could not be introduced unless he took off the *calotte*. He could not do this without taking off his wig also, as he showed the sticklers of court etiquette, and stood before them with clean shaven head, asking, at the same time, "Would the Pope desire to see me stand before him in such a plight as this? Whom do you take me for?" The pontiff did not yield the point without difficulty. Perhaps his Holiness, had he received the ambassador under bare poll, would have graciously served him as a predecessor had served the Irish saint Malachi—put his pontifical tiara on the good man's head, to prevent him from catching cold!

But of all the tilts against wigs none was so serious and chivalresque as "Jean Baptiste Thiers, docteur en theologie et curé" (that is, *vicar*, according to our sense of the word), of Champrond. Dr. Thiers, in the year 1690, wrote a book of some six hundred pages against the wearing of wigs by ecclesiastics. He published the same "*aux dépens de l'auteur*," and high authority pronounced it comfortable in every respect to the "Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic Church." Dr. Thiers wrote a brief preface to his long work, in which he invokes an abundant visitation of divine peace and grace on those who read his volume with tranquillity of mind, and who prefer truth to fashion. The invocation, I fear, is made in vain, for the tediousness of the author slays all tranquillity of spirit on the part of the reader, who cannot, however, refrain from smiling at seeing the very existence of Christianity made to depend upon the question of perukes. The book is a dull book; but the prevailing idea in it, that it is all over with religion if perukes be not abolished, is one that might compel a cynic to inextinguishable laughter. Yes, says the doctor, the origin of the *tonsure* is to be found in the cutting of Peter's hair by the Gentiles to make him ridiculous—therefore, he who hides the *tonsure* beneath a peruke insults the prince of the apostles! a species of reasoning anything comparable with which is probably not to be found in that book which Rome has honored by condemning—Whateley's Logic.

The volume, however, affords evidence of the intense excitement raised in France by

the discussion of the bearing of wigs on Christianity. For a season the question in some degree resembled, in its treatment at least, that of baptismal regeneration as now treated among ourselves. No primitively-minded prelate would license a curé who professed neutrality on the matter of wigs. The wearers of these were often turned out of their benefices, and then they were welcomed in other dioceses by bishops who were heterodoxly given to the mundane comfort of wig-gery. Terrible scenes took place in vestries between wigged priests ready to repair to the altar, and their brethren or superiors, who sought to prevent them. Chapters suspended such priests from place and profit, Parliament broke the suspension, and chapters renewed the interdict. Decree was abolished by counter-decree, and the whole Church was split in twain by the contending parties. Louis XIV. took the conservative side of the question so far as it regarded ecclesiastics, and the Archbishop of Rheims fondly thought he had clearly settled the dispute by decreeing that wigs might or might not be worn, according to circumstances. They were allowed to the infirm and the aged, but never at the altar. One consequence was that many priests on approaching the altar used to take off their perukes, and deposit them in the hands of notaries, under protest! Such a talk about heads had not kept a whole city in confusion since the days wherein St. Fructuarus, Bishop of Braga, decreed the penalty of entirely shaven crowns against all the monks of that

city caught in the fact of kissing any of its maidens.

Thiers could not see in the wig the uses discerned by Cumberland, who says, in his "Choleric Man," "Believe me, there is much good sense in old distinctions. When the law lays down its full-bottomed perriwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of." The Curé of Champrond says that the French priests, who spent their thirty or forty pistoles yearly in wigs, were so irreligious that they kept their best wig for the world, and their oldest for God, — wearing the first in drawing-rooms, and the latter at church. This was certainly less ingenious than in the case of the man celebrated in the "Connoisseur," who, having but one peruke, made it pass for two. "It was naturally a kind of flowing bob, but, by the occasional addition of two tails, it sometimes passed as a major."

In France, wigs ended by assuming the appearance of nature. In the reign of terror, the modish blonde perukes worn by females were made of hair purchased from the executioner, of whom old ladies bought the curls which had clustered about the young necks that had been severed by the knife of Samson. But after this the fashion ceased among women, as it had already done among men, beginning to do so with the latter when Franklin appeared in his own hair, and unpowdered, at the court of Louis XIV. — and from that period wigs have belonged only to history.

JOHN DORAN.

CARVING OF POULTRY. — In Mr. Soyer's *Modern Housewife*, a clever and handy work on cookery, will at length be found a solution of that formidable problem — how to carve a fowl with elegance and ease. Soyer explains the marvel in a way which no one could previously have the slightest idea of; and which, in fact, is nothing else than a piece of legerdemain. Well, the way, he says, to carve a fowl neatly is, to have nothing to carve — for it really comes to that. Yes, a fowl lies before you at table, to all appearance requiring to be anatomized by the usual desperate process, at least in all but first-rate hands, of wrenching the joints and bones asunder; but, lo! the thing is done by a mere touch of the knife. Legs, wings, breast-bones, instead of flying about in all directions, drop becomingly into the dish. If this be not a discovery, we do not know what is. But how is it all managed? Here comes the secret: the fowl has had all its joints cut by the cook before dressing, and that without disturbing the outer skin. To effect this properly, an instrument requires to be employed called a tendon separator, of which Soyer gives a drawing. Of course, every one who reads this will get one of these instruments, which we should think will not be more costly than an ordinary pair of scissors. The method of using the instrument, and of

trussing for table, is explained in the useful manual referred to. We are told, that when roasted, the appearance of poultry is greatly improved by this simple operation — looking more plump on account of the sinews having lost their power of contraction.

STREET MUSIC. — How that simple music affects the listener! How it recalls lost loves and buried friendships, moments of exquisite happiness, hours of dreary pining! Whence comes the wondrous power of those tones? It is a simple air, one of the commonest of the common, a tune that is hacked and ground by every barrel-organ in the kingdom. It is, that there are hidden associations connected therewith, difficult to trace, eluding one's search. Perchance the words had just been spoken that joined two hearts together for aye, and those notes blended with the moment of passionate silence that followed. Or the deserted one, pining in her loneliness, was indulging in a dream of faded hopes, when that artless melody rose from the little garden outside her window, and associated itself eternally with her love and her despair. Some such secret must be connected with the mighty power of those tones, more potent than that of all the scientific compositions which the master composers of any age have given to the world.

From Household Words.

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.*

THE American loyalist of seventy-eight years ago, setting out from London in search of a temporary abiding-place or home among the country towns of England, had not proposed to himself an easy task. But he was bent on going through with his enterprise. Reduced from affluence to the practice of a strict economy, he yet imagined that not a few of the social enjoyments of London, without their extravagant cost, might be obtainable in one of our large provincial cities. He thought thus to sweeten that bread of exile which Dante tells us must be always bitter bread; and cheerfully enough, therefore, at four o'clock on a July morning of 1776, took his seat in the early and fast coach for Salisbury, which, after performing the gallant feat of eighty-three miles in fifteen hours, deposited him at the Red Lion, in the ancient city, at seven o'clock on that July evening.

Dear to every American loyalist in those days had been the old country, and its Church and State; and Mr. Curwen was no exception to the rule. But it is a piece of truth, as well as a line of poetry, that distance lends enchantment to the view; and it happened, on the occasion of this journey to Salisbury, that the ex-Admiralty Judge of New England got so near a view of two very remarkable types or examples of the Church and State of Old England as then existing, that their enchantment passed clean out of them, then and there. He strolled into the fine old cathedral the morning after his arrival, and heard the dean, with five or six surpliced followers and eight singing-boys, mumbling the service to a congregation of "eight as miserable-looking wretches as ever entered the doors of a hospital." Yet, wretched as this audience was, it had been *hired to attend*; and on closer examination of the condition of the cathedral itself, was found not at all out of harmony with it. The walls seemed mouldering, the ceiling rotting with centuries of decay, the seats and woodwork everywhere tumbling down. Mr. Curwen bethought him of the English Church militant of old; compared what he now saw to a neglected old soldier out of service, with his regimentals worn threadbare and soiled; and turned on his heel with the indignant remark that "this whole church is so slovenly and dirtily kept that a stranger would judge that these stewards of the Lord's inheritance regarded the revenues more than the repairs of the mansion house." But if such was the shock conveyed to him by want of due repairs in the Church, it was at least equalled by the impression which waited him next morning of

repairs as cryingly wanted in the State. He had started early on a visit to Stonehenge, when, about three miles from the city on the right hand, an eminence apparently of an oval figure, including about sixty acres, was pointed out to him, without a sign upon it of a habitation fit for man; and he was told that while the most populous manufacturing cities had no voice in the legislature of England, the possessor of this mound of grass and ruin had the power to send two members to represent and protect his mere breeches-pocket in that dignified assembly. It was the fine ancient borough of Old Sarum.

But Old Sarum paled an ineffectual fire before the exciting scene that awaited this admirer of English institutions at the last resting point in his journey. He arrived at Exeter, after another spirited ride of ninety miles in seventeen hours, in the midst of a contested election. The seat had been vacated by Mr. Waters; Mr. Baring and Mr. Cholwich were the new competitors for it, in the interests respectively of Church and Corporation; and to the innocent inexperience of Mr. Curwen an astounding scene presented itself. All the public-houses were open to the partisans of either candidate. In some of them were voters locked up, secured by bolts and bars, and watched zealously day and night to secure their free and independent presence at the polling booths. From others, in the very teeth of bars and bolts, voters fetched and secured from great distances by one party had yet been secretly and suddenly "spirited away" by the other, whether or not to reappear on polling day remained an inscrutable mystery. From morn to dewy eve corporation-clerks were creating voters. As the election approached, the constituency had mounted up to fourteen hundred; but of these, two hundred held themselves honorably aloof from the general disgrace, unconcerned whether "Baring or Cholwich be the tool of administration;" while, secure alike of either tool, the administration was under pledge, as Mr. Curwen heard on all sides, to contribute five thousand pounds to the expenses of the successful man. In other words, in the sole person of the leading minister were concentrated, with much saving of trouble, and perhaps some of expense, the Coppock, Brown, Beresford, Flewker, and Frail, of those more primitive and less complicated days of corruption. And so the scene went on—"the contest fierce, some wounds and broken heads, but no deaths, and enough to convince me of the deplorable venality of the nation." The winners in this particular venal race, it may be added, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Cholwich and the Corporation, turned out to be Baring and the Church, who came in first by no less than a hundred and one votes; and on the morning of his depart-

* Continued from Living Age, page 183.

ure, Mr. Curwen left the whole city of Exeter decked out in blue and purple favors, displaying the Baring device, and actually, as well as metaphorically, drunk with joy. Nor could anything have been happier than that Baring device, whether as an expression of the nature as well as name of the fortunate candidate, or as a compliment of exquisite delicacy at once to the member secured and the minister who had secured him. Enamelled pendant on a blue ribbon appeared a bear with a ring in his nose.

It is not matter of surprise, then, that Mr. Curwen should have carried away with him no very agreeable impression of Exeter. He computes the population as scarcely seven eighths as numerous as that of his native Boston, but finds as little resemblance in the buildings of the two cities as in the wrinkled features of fourscore and the florid complexion of thirty. He pronounces the streets narrow, ill-paved, and dirty enough to pass into a proverb; if there were any good buildings, they were crowded in a corner, out of sight—as perhaps the good people were also; for such of them in private as Mr. Curwen saw, he thought proud, unsocial, and solitary, neither conversible nor hospitable. Still there was something to set off against all this, for a man of sociable tastes; as, for example, “a theatre, concerts, a coffee-house called Moll’s, and an hotel, both in the church-yard, where the London papers are brought four days in the week;”—and such was afterwards the scant success of Mr. Curwen’s persevering search for his temporary home, that the day soon came when even Exeter, with all its faults, was “a very Paradise to Manchester” or any town in the North that he had seen.

Not yet, however, has he seen the North, for, after a brief stay with a friend at Sidmouth, he is next to be found at Bristol. His impression of Bristol was not immediately formed, yet appears to have had sufficient promise in it to bring him back for another trial, on the recommendation of certain friends who had settled there, after a couple of visits to some of the northern towns. For, after brief stay, he went from Bristol, through Newport, Gloucester, Upton, and Worcester, to Birmingham; of which he said at once, as the best observers familiar with both places have since repeatedly said, “It looks more like Boston in its general appearance than any place in England.” This disposes him to like Birmingham, though it will not suit him to live there; and what he sees of its manufactures is also agreeable enough. At the workshops where he went to examine the first rifle he had ever beheld, “and many other pieces of peculiar construction I was a stranger to,” he found the master of the concern under contract to supply government with six hundred rifles for use against the Americans;

yet “in principle an anti-ministerialist, as is the whole town.” This has a relish of independence that tastes well after Exeter; and he records conversations with Quakers and other residents, whom he declares to be not only “sensible,” but “warm Americans, as most of the middling classes are through the kingdom, as far as my experience reaches.” And so already the mind of our loyalist friend, purged by the “euphrasy and rue” of its English experience, finds itself so far divested of those violent partialities and likings which had compelled his exile, that he is now quite able, as he describes himself when entertained by “that friendly stranger, Mr. Cornelius Fry of Bristol,” to pass his time not at all disagreeably in listening to people “talking treason, and justifying American independence.”

He returned by way of Tewkesbury to Bristol, which he reached after a nine hours’ drive; but it was not until the following year he took up a brief abode here, having first, without success, pursued and completed his search through the northern towns. He tried Lichfield, Derby, Sheffield, Wakefield, Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax, taking a post-chaise at the latter, and passing through Rochdale to Manchester. The various trades and manufactures interest and occupy him chiefly in these various towns, and in many instances they are skillfully described; but he makes a general complaint against all the inhabitants that they show a jealousy and suspicion of strangers, and that acquaintance with one manufacturer proved always enough effectually to debar him from intercourse with a second in the same business; while the difficulty he everywhere experienced in getting admitted to see their works (often quite impracticable, “express prohibition being issued by the masters”) appears to have reached its height in Manchester, and to have turned his wrath especially against that thriving and bustling community. He characterizes the disposition and manners of this Manchester people as, by their own showing, inhospitable and boorish; says further, that they are remarkable for coarseness of feature, and a quite unintelligible dialect; and of their dress, that it “savors not much of the London mode in general.” What surprised him greatly, moreover, was to find the extraordinary prevalence of Jacobite opinions in the town. His landlady was a Jacobite; he heard Jacobite doctrines everywhere openly professed; and, happening to be there on the twenty-ninth of May, he saw hoisted over numbers of doors at the most respectable houses, large oak boughs to express hopes for another Stuart restoration. Still, amid all that he thus thought ungenial and strange, he perceived also such intimations of energetic movement and self-satisfied activity, that the place

seemed actually changing and enlarging before his very eyes. He saw (what nowhere else he saw) "great additions of buildings and streets daily making;" in contact everywhere with the old, narrow, irregularly built streets, he saw noble houses in process of erection; and when, a few months later, the disastrous news of Burgoyne's surrender fell like a thunder-clap on England, Mr. Curwen puts it down in his journal, without an expression of surprise, that Manchester was the town that first started up from the blow, offered to raise a thousand men at its own expense to be ready in two months for service in America, and thus lighted up that spirit to which Liverpool next gave eager response, and which in a very few weeks was seen "spreading like a flame from north to south."

Of Liverpool, the commercial character and fame had raised higher expectations than of its neighbor, and the disappointment seems to have been extreme. The docks he admired immensely, thinking them "stupendously grand;" but he has no better phrase than "disgustful" for everything else in the place. He speaks of the houses, as by a great majority in middling and lower style, few rising above that mark; of the streets, as long, narrow, crooked, and amazingly dirty; of the shops, as inferior to those in other great towns; and of the dress and looks of the people, as more like the inhabitants of Wapping, Shadwell, and Rotherhithe, than those in the neighborhood of the Exchange or any part of London above the Tower. "During our short abode here," says Mr. Curwen, "we scarcely saw a well-dressed person, nor half-a-dozen gentlemen's carriages." In short, the whole complexion of Liverpool appeared to him nautical and common, "and infinitely below expectation."

Undaunted, notwithstanding, by all his failures hitherto, and hoping still "the reward of a cheap, plentiful country to reside in for some time," the American wanderer now purposed to turn his steps to York; but a fellow-exile induced him to change his plan, on representation of the number of their fellow-countrymen who have already pitched tents in the West; and to the West, with his compatriot, he consented to go back. They passed through Stockport, Macclesfield, Leek, and were very "quietly and genteelly supped and lodged" in the Dog and Duck at Sandon. Thence through Stafford and Wolverhampton, by Bromsgrove and Stourbridge (which instead of a mean, pitiful place, as its avenues seemed to threaten, they describe as a well-built, large, lively, and rich town, having a noble, wide, and convenient street, a mile long, with cross streets well paved), they reached Worcester, which Mr. Curwen finds to be a very handsome, well-built city, lively and full of business, having spacious, airy

streets, a noble cathedral and elegant modern houses, its shops large and well-filled, and its inhabitants polite and genteel, with "more the air of Londoners than at any place I have seen." Then, from Worcester, travelling by way of Tewkesbury, where they stayed the night, past apple orchards of uncommon height and bigness, through fields, pastures, and enclosures singular for their richness and verdure, and with fruit and forest trees on either hand, "in great abundance, and larger girth and greater height than are to be seen elsewhere in England," — the American exiles, stopping to dine and see the cathedral at Gloucester (a city which, after Worcester, sorely disappointed them), resumed their drive through roads dirty and rough — past farmers' houses wonderful for their look of slovenliness, and over a soil whose richness they could never sufficiently admire — till they arrived at Bristol.

The welcome that here awaited them, their first salute to their temporarily selected home, was hardly complimentary or cordial; for it proceeded from the "virulent tongue of a vixen" in the streets, excited by something that displeased her in their manner or dress, and it "saluted us by the names of *damned American rebels*." They walked on, however, not much moved; and soon after, in the same streets, passed one who seemed a humble pedestrian like themselves, yet who well deserved the interest with which they stopped, turned, and looked earnestly after him. This was "a person dressed in green, with a small round hat flapped before, very like an English country gentleman;" and the Americans knew, from what already they had heard, that under that green dress, small round flapped hat, and country gentleman's bearing, walked quietly along those Bristol streets no less a potentate than the Emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second, not simply interesting to them for his rank, or because he was the son of Maria Theresa and brother to Maria Antoinette, but for many high and striking qualities of his own. He was at this time (1777) performing *incog* the grand tour, including England.

And now having seen the working of Old England's institutions in a borough contest, the New Englander had the opportunity of observing how these things were managed in the counties; for on the morning after his arrival in Bristol, he beheld a triumphant entry of the member just elected for the county of Gloucester; and this proved to be "*the Duke of Beaufort's man*" (his grace's footman it might have been, though it was not), Mr. Chester, who burst into the huzza-ing town, amid the ringing of bells and discharging of cannon, attended by a body-guard of some couple of hundred horsemen "clad in new blue coats and breeches, with

buff waistcoats, the Duke of Beaufort's hunting garb." The duke himself, touched apparently by a not unbecoming modesty, had privately left the liveried procession just before its arrival in town, and was content with an out-of-the-way corner in a private house, whence himself and his duchess could see the parade and "enjoy his triumph without observation." After which second notable instance of a free election, and of that independence of the Lower House from all influence of the Upper which is so cardinal a theory of the English constitution, Mr. Curwen must not be thought wholly unreasonable or unjust for a belief recorded in the next page of his diary, to the effect that if anything destroys this devoted English people it will be "venality;" — or for an opinion subsequently expressed, that "in the corrupt state of this people, the wheels of government cannot move an inch without money to grease them;" — or for gravely recording in his journal what he had heard from the owner of a wine vault, that of port wine alone a general election always consumed six thousand hogsheds extra, in addition to the ordinary annual consumption of twenty-four thousand hogsheds; — or even, at last, for pleasantly proposing to write a book that should make confession of his New England visions of Old England and English institutions which daylight had broken and dissolved, under the title of "The Perils and Peraginations of a Tory or Refugee in quest of Civil Liberty, which the Author fondly imagined was to be enjoyed in higher perfection in the Land he travelled through, than in That he precipitately abandoned."

But his peraginations, if not his perils, are drawn for the present to a close; and he has but to sit down and record the result of his "dearly bought experience," his "long, expensive, and not very pleasing tour." It is, briefly, that manufacturing towns are not proper places of residence for idle people, either on account of pleasure or profit; the expenses of living in every such town, however distant from London, being as high almost as in London itself; the spirit of bargaining, moreover, and of taking advantage, running through every line of life in those places; and having especially reached a cruel predominance in the North. Not that the good old gentleman felt he should escape all this, by settling in the West; but he had satisfied himself on the whole that the West was "a quarter of greater plenty and less expense," and a majority of his fellow-refugees had already taken up residence there. As many as eighteen were in Bristol alone; and that he counted upon these as his chief society may be inferred from the fact, that he notes as worthy of record the circumstance of his having had "an hour's

conversation with a stranger on 'Change, a rare event, people in England being greatly indisposed to join with unknown persons." He goes on to make certain exceptions, indeed, which it is evident do not include himself, in the observation that the Bristolians are notorious for early inquiries into the character of all strangers, from commercial motives; and for soon fastening on everybody worth making a property of, if practicable; all others, of how great estimation soever, being in general neglected. In short, says Mr. Curwin plainly, "This city is remarkable for sharp dealing; and hence the proverb, *One Jew is equal to two Genoese, one Bristolian to two Jews.*" To all which it may be well to add, at the same time, that in the matter of himself and his real or fancied sufferings and wrongs, the diarist's authority is not to be taken more implicitly than the common understanding in such a case would suggest. Nothing is so frequent in the diary, for instance, as lamentations for old age, whose infirmities every day would appear to be increasing, and making more and more hard to bear; yet, in close connection with one of the most pathetic of these complaints, uttered in most doleful strain soon after the writer was lodged in Bristol, and when he was sixty-three years old, the reader's spirits are suddenly raised by the following memorandum. "Oct. 21. Rose at six o'clock, and went a coursing with two greyhounds and a spaniel for hares. Started one, and left her in a turnip-field; returned about two o'clock, not greatly fatigued, after a ramble of fifteen miles over hedge-fences, ditches, &c."

Nor is this a mere casual indication of activity and the power of bearing fatigue. It expresses the habit of the man. During the long journeyings to which reference has been made, the mere movement from place to place has been the least part of the fatigue undergone. Whatever any place contains, he must see; if there be any object of interest in the neighborhood, off he starts on a visit to it. He is never willingly at rest, never comes to a positive standstill, is still pushing forward where something more may be seen or known. With the passion of a dweller in a new country for all that makes memory and association so pleasant in an old one, he is honorably anxious to examine every spot consecrated by genius or made illustrious by heroism or worth. He goes out of his way to see Redclyffe church at Bristol, not because Chatterton has yet become a name (poor fellow! the earth is still fresh above him in the Shoe Lane pauper burial-ground) but because it contains paintings by Hogarth and the monument of Admiral Penn. After crossing Salisbury Plain to Stonehenge, he takes a turn of seven miles that he may see the classical remains at Lord Pembroke's seat, admire the handy-

work of Inigo Jones, and touch with reverence the urn alleged to have held the ashes of Horace. As he passes through Upton he does not fail to think of Sophia Western, and the little muff that turned Tom Jones' head; and nothing occupies him so much in Wakefield as inquiries after Goldsmith's vicar, a somewhat spurious original for that delightful creation being imposed on him by the worthy inhabitants, who protested it was their own "Parson Johnson," put into a book. Of course he went to Cambridge, and to Oxford; he visited Blenheim and Stowe; and from Birmingham he made rapid diversions to Hagley, with its memories of Pope, and to the Leasowes, still fragrant with Shenstone's homely and kindly poetry. He finds out the house where Marlborough was born, on the road to Axminster; makes a pilgrimage from Exeter to Sir Francis Drake's birthplace; and pleasantly persuades himself that he has seen in Doredale "the very spot in which Chaucer wrote many of his pieces." Nor has he been in Bristol many hours, after the long and tedious journey which has finally lodged him there, before he sets forth to hear the famous Wesley preach to an immense concourse, "having the heavens for his canopy," when the ungraceful, but plain, intelligible, and earnest speech, the weak and harsh, but passionate voice, of the grand old Methodist, suggest to him an instructive contrast to "the insipid coldness prevalent among the preferment-seeking, amusement-hunting, macaroni parsons, who, to the shame and dishonor of this age and nation, constitute the bulk of those of the established clergy who possess valuable livings."

Yet a few evenings later, it was his chance to meet one of the dignitaries of the Establishment deserving a quite different character, from whom he heard opinions of the dispute now raging with America, such as never before had he heard expressed on either side, or in either country. Mr. Curwin dryly describes him, as well as the opinions he heard expressed by him, in the remark that he has been sitting in company with "a famous political divine and anti-colonist, who judges the colonies a burden to Great Britain, and presses administration to cast them off."

The man who held these eccentric opinions was the Dean of Gloucester, Doctor Josiah Tucker; and the reason for his holding them was, that he alone, among the public writers of that day, correctly reasoned on the causes of colonial as well as home prosperity, and what obstructed their further development. He did not dispute the right of England to tax America, and he held the colonists to have been wrong at the outset of the dispute; but he had the courage and foresight to warn his countrymen to desist from any further strug-

gle, for that political power was not to be increased by the cumbrous and unwieldy retention of ill-governed territory, but by energetic and judicious cultivation of physical resources, commercial interchanges, and intellectual acquirements. He exploded the fallacy of the advantage supposed to be implied in the monopoly of a distant market. A far other and greater market we had created in America, a market of the raw material from which prosperous empires are made; for we had supplied that vast continent with *man*, and with institutions that strengthen and develop manhood — nor could the inevitable tendency of such be stayed by any human power. Let the separation be only prompt and amicable, and all would be well.

For this, as we see, our intelligent American loyalist denounces him as an "anti-colonist;" and much harder words were applied to him in those days by men who had less excuse for the error. Burke himself, in his impetuous advocacy of America, refused to believe that any man could have formed an opinion in favor of separation except with the dishonest motive of secretly helping the hostility of the court, by making the colonies unpopular with the people. He denounced the Dean of Gloucester, therefore, "as one of those court vermin who would do anything for the sake of a bishoprick;" and was not moved to retract the coarse insinuation even by Tucker's calm and dignified reproof, declaring his independence of both parties, and that his opinions had been equally unpalatable to both. Burke's attack, however, passionate and unthinking as it was, was not, like Bishop Warburton's, treacherous. The bishop assailed the dean through the side of their common calling, and, referring to the commercial arguments by which the case for separation had been urged, described him as a divine with whom religion was a trade, and with whom trade was a religion. "The bishop affects to consider me with contempt," replied the dean, calmly; "to which I say nothing. He has sometimes spoken coarsely of me; to which I replied nothing. He has said that religion is my trade, and trade is my religion. It is quite true that commerce and its connections have been favorite objects of my attention; and where is the crime! As for religion, I have attended carefully to the duties of my parish, nor have I neglected my cathedral. The world knows something of me as a writer on religious subjects; and I will add, what the world does not know, that I have written near three hundred sermons, and preached them all again and again. My heart is at ease on that score; and my conscience, thank God! does not accuse me."

Such were the penalties then, as they have

ever been, and will probably continue to be, attendant on having outstripped contemporary opinion. There was hardly a question on which Dean Tucker was not distinctly in advance of his time. Though a strenuous defender of religion against the infidel attacks which were then so common, he was not less the eager advocate of universal toleration. He wrote against drunkenness, against sports involving cruelty to the brute creation, and against war. Nothing was too grand, nothing too mean, if it affected a single human interest, for the wise word he had to utter. His great argument for trade against territory, in which he warned the sovereigns of Europe that the proper cultivation of the land of their own countries inappreciably exceeded in importance any amount of acquisition of waste land in other countries, was followed by his "earnest and affectionate address to the common people of England on their barbarous custom of cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday." He was the first to defend the naturalization of foreigners, to point out the necessity of a union with Ireland, to denounce the impolicy of the existing restraints against interchanges with that country, to resist the taxation which then fell so heavily on the industrious and the poor, to oppose every kind of monopoly whether of corporations or trading companies, to declare the navigation laws a clog upon commerce, to propose a plan for getting rid of slavery, to call for the opening of canals, to point out what advantages would result from the establishment of a warehousing system, to urge the necessity of improvement in the high roads, to cry out against that East India Company in which we only now begin to detect an injustice too monstrous for continuance or sufficiently ripe for redress, to insist on the wisdom of permitting the free exportation and importation of grain, and to advocate perseveringly in its largest sense free trade among all the nations of the earth. "Ah!" exclaimed Doctor Johnson one day at Thrale's; "another pamphlet by Tucker. The dean always tells me something which I did not know before." Yet it was but a short time after, that the dean was burnt in effigy in his native town of Bristol, because something in one of his pamphlets (it was an argument for the naturalization of the Jew) had given high offence on 'Change, where less tolerance for originality prevailed than in the large heart of Samuel Johnson.

Nevertheless Doctor Tucker lived to see his townsmen make something better than a Guy of him, though of themselves perhaps something worse; for he lived to see a shouting mob unyoke the horses from his carriage, against his remonstrance, yoke themselves instead, and draw him into Bristol in triumph. It was a wonderful change, and brought about in a curious way. In those days, the reader

will hardly require to be told, there existed in full force a great many egregiously foolish acts of Parliament, called diversely acts against *Forestalling*, *Regrating*, *Badgering*, and *Engrossing*, but all passed with the same silly purpose of putting senseless restraints on trade, by preventing the merchant or speculator from purchasing corn or other provisions, in market or on their way to market, and selling them again in the same place, or within four miles of it. The professed object was to prevent any unfair enhancement of the prices of provisions; the almost invariable result was to empty the markets of provisions altogether; and never were the magistrates, in their fulness of ignorance, so bent on putting in force the law against Forestalling, as at those times of pinch and pressure when nothing but that very law obstructed relief. A crisis of this kind occurred, and happened to be sorely felt in Bristol, where a scarcity of corn was threatened; whereupon straightway assembled the sapient justices to give immediate effect to the legislation described, and were surprised to see Doctor Tucker assume for the first time his privilege of magistrate, and take his seat on the bench beside them. "Why, gentlemen," said the dean, "what are you going to do? How can you expect to have any corn at all, if you mean to punish the only persons perhaps that will bring you any?" This home-thrust had its effect; and, says a contemporary account of the incident, "the markets were immediately supplied with corn." For the dean's great principle, pursues the same authority (a writer in a magazine of the time) about trade and commerce is, "that they will ever find their level; that what commodities are wanted, and can be paid for, will always be had; that a nation will always go to the best and cheapest market for what they have occasion for; and that neither political friendship nor enmity have anything to do with these matters, but that they are regulated by utility and convenience."

A very simple and sufficient creed, which it took nearly a hundred years more to make manifest to English statesmen.

Happily the dean had not to wait so long before his view of the American quarrel received its ample justification. He did not live, indeed, to see that country enlarged and raised by Independence from thirteen colonies to thirty-one, and from three millions to thirty-five millions of population; but his life was spared till sixteen years after the treaty of Paris; and when, on the Duke of Portland's installation at Oxford in the summer of 1793, the Dean of Gloucester, then between eighty and ninety years of age, entered the theatre with his brother doctors, the whole assemblage welcomed with acclamation, on each of the three days of the ceremony, the venerable man whose advice, if timely taken,

would have saved the useless bloodshed of more than a hundred thousand of the Saxon race, and an addition to the English debt of more than eighty millions sterling.

And as Mr. Curwen himself was still living at the time, in his native town of Salem, we may perhaps presume that even he had grown to be much more tolerant of Dean Tucker and his opinions, as a citizen of the American Republic, than when he first heard them in Bristol as a loyalist exile and refugee.

From the Spectator.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE test of more than eighty years, the exhaustion of five-and-thirty thousand copies in seven impressions, and the demand for an eighth edition, speak more for this national publication than any criticism can do. To deserve success may be meritorious; but it is more satisfactory to be successful. Desert in a pursuit argues good intentions; success in the same pursuit, a just perception of the object in view, and the means of attaining it. The proprietors, in their prospectus to this new edition, point with justifiable pride to the eminent names that have been connected with the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but a band of great writers does not suffice to attain success where great writing is not the first object. Names nearly if not quite as eminent may be found connected with different encyclopædias — as Coleridge, Arnold, and others, in the *Metropolitan*; but, however celebrated that work may be, its sale was not equal to its fame. The primary object of an encyclopædia is reference. We recur to it for information, not instruction. The man who wishes to study a science or master a subject may find better teachers for his particular purpose, perhaps *must* take a wider range than any digest of this kind can offer him. Great names are as a feather in the cap, and if the papers are of a merit proportioned to the writer's fame, they are good as an attraction; but the permanent support is from humbler labors. That encyclopædia will be the most enduring which gives the most of what we want when we look for it, and in the way we want it. When we take down a volume of an encyclopædia, we require an answer to a question, or the resolution of a doubt. All beyond this is a gain, but of the nature of a garnish, which will not of itself maintain the work.

To do this effectually, a well-digested plan is the first necessity, and of course competent

aid. Of equal importance is a perception of the public requirement, so as to give it as much as it wants, and not much more than it wants; since it is not the business of an encyclopædia to form the public taste or discover novelties, but to digest existing knowledge. That this has been done by the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in a literary sense, is proved by its long success.

Some facts in connexion with its *form* of publication will show the attention paid to the *quantum suff*.

It was first published in three volumes, 4to, 1771; next in ten volumes, in 1778; in eighteen volumes, in 1797; to which was added the Supplement, in two volumes, by Bishop Gleig, in 1801; this was followed by an edition in twenty volumes, in 1810, and other two editions during the succeeding ten years; to which was added the celebrated Supplement in six volumes, 4to, edited by Professor Napier, commenced in 1815 and finished in 1824. The Seventh Edition, which was completed in 1842, embodied whatever remained valuable in the previous editions and in the Supplements.

The eighth edition opens with the celebrated Dissertation of Dugald Stewart on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy, to be followed by Mackintosh upon the same subject, with a new preface by Whewell. To these will succeed the Dissertations on Mathematical and Physical Science by Playfair and Leslie; while Forbes will continue Physics to the present time, and the Archbishop of Dublin, in a new dissertation, will handle the most popular subject of the whole, "the Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity." All capital things, if not perfectly encyclopædic, except Stewart's article, which fulfilled in some degree the purpose of a preface. That these, however, are merely tit-bits thrown in, and that the general excellence and utility of the work will not be sacrificed to the "starring" system, may be inferred from this passage of the prospectus:—

The Eighth Edition will undergo careful revision and extensive correction. Articles rendered imperfect by the lapse of time will be submitted for improvement to writers intimately conversant with the respective subjects, whilst other articles will be superseded by entirely new contributions, and subjects not formerly embraced in its pages will be added.

Wanted a Curate; a Satirical Poem. By Gregory Shortcommons, M. A.

A clever enough poetical *jeu d'esprit*, and not at all bitter or exaggerated, considering that the satire is a succession of versified advertisements for curates — though some images are rather of things understood than avowed. There is not much of art or strength in the affair. — *Spectator*.

* The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Eighth Edition, greatly improved. Edited by Thomas Stewart Traill, M. D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh. Published by Adam and Charles Black.

From Household Words.

CHLOROFORM.

THE recent occurrence of a case of sudden death after the administration of Chloroform in a London hospital reminds us that we are now fairly entitled by the lapse of time to pass a very distinct judgment on the value of this drug as an anæsthetic agent. The case to which we have just referred was the first fatal issue within the practice of the Hospital in which it occurred, although Chloroform had been administered in the establishment to sixteen hundred patients.

Under an indiscriminate use of ether, several deaths followed: not many months had elapsed before there were nine cases on record of death from the effects of ether, so applied by the surgeon, without reckoning two or three accidents. A reaction began to set in; some gave up the use of the new agent; others attempted to discover the substances that should be as efficient and less dangerous. Many substances were found to be more or less available (all containing carbon), but none were capable of superseding ether until Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, in November, 1847, published the merits of Chloroform to the profession. Experiments had been made with that substance by M. Flourens, the French physiologist, upon animals, in the preceding March; but Professor Simpson stands alone as the establisher of Chloroform in the position which it now holds in the medical profession. Its use spread rapidly; no doubt the more rapidly, because Dr. Simpson taught that it should be applied upon a handkerchief without the use of any apparatus, and his invention was, therefore, spared the heavy clog which had been attached to the use of ether by the instrument-makers. Ether as little required machinery of brass and glass as Chloroform; but people fancied that it did. Chloroform was, therefore, at once highly recommended by the ease with which it was to be administered.

The death of Hannah Greener at Newcastle, who had been in great fear of Chloroform, and died in two minutes after its use, first impressed people with the idea that even Chloroform was not to be resorted to without great precaution. Accidents were however few, and instances of striking benefit almost innumerable: the use of Chloroform spread therefore over Europe, and in the five and a half years that have elapsed since its introduction, the whole number of cases in which it has produced death does not amount to more than fifty, while the number of cases in which life has been saved, by sparing to the system of a sick person the shock often attendant upon a painful operation, are to be numbered certainly by thousands.

This we are now able to prove by tables

furnished during the last five years from private and hospital experience. A few figures, however, will suffice. The deaths after great amputations of the ordinary kind (not painless), calculated for the half-century, were found in the tables collected by Mr. Phillips, relating to hospital and private practice, to be thirty-five per cent. In Dr. Simpson's estimate, calculated from hospitals alone, they were twenty-nine per cent. The per centage, computed from all cases in which an anæsthetic agent had been used, was found to be reduced to twenty-three. After amputations of the thigh the deaths used to be in Paris, according to Malgaigne, sixty-nine in a hundred; in the Edinburgh Infirmary, according to Peacock, forty-nine per cent.; in all practice, according to the general tables of Phillips, forty-four in a hundred; at Glasgow, according to Laurie, thirty-six; in all English and Scottish hospitals, according to Simpson, thirty-eight, while, by the use of painless operations, the per centage of mortality has been reduced to twenty-five.

A few deaths directly occasioned by the use of Chloroform or ether are, therefore, no, more to be adduced as arguments against the employment of those agents, than a few — or a great many — deaths by railway, are arguments for the complete abolition of the railway system. Chloroform and railways are both blessings to humanity; but it is requisite that they should both be managed carefully. It is a fact very much to the credit of the medical profession that instances of accident by Chloroform are so much rarer than railway accidents.

When we before discussed this subject, we mentioned those cases in which especially Chloroform or ether should not be employed; but, we repeat — as it is a kind of information which it is advantageous for the Chloroform-inhaling public to bear well in mind — that the use of such agents is rarely safe in the case of persons suffering under disease of the brain or spinal marrow; of the heart or lungs, having an intermittent pulse; or when they are in a weak and pallid bodily condition. Experience also shows that fatal results have often followed the administration of Chloroform to persons who had exhibited a decisive and unaccountable dread of it. This is a curious fact which we may account for as we please, either by some theory of instinct, or by some superstition of the fore-cast shadow of approaching fate.

The Star in the Desert. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c.

The restoration of a wife banished by her husband on account of his pride of birth, and the conversion of the husband himself from infidelity, are the subjects of this little tale. It is well-managed and prettily told. — *Spectator.*

From Household Words.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONE night, during the period of the first French Revolution, the family of François Sarzeau, a fisherman of Brittany, were all waking and watching at an unusually late hour in their cottage on the peninsula of Quiberon. François had gone out in his boat that evening, as usual, to fish. Shortly after his departure, the wind had risen, the clouds had gathered; and the storm, which had been threatening at intervals throughout the whole day, burst forth furiously about nine o'clock. It was now eleven; and the raging of the wind over the barren, heathy peninsula still seemed to increase with each fresh blast that tore its way out upon the open sea; the crashing of the waves on the beach was awful to hear; the dreary blackness of the sky terrible to behold. The longer they listened to the storm, the oftener they looked out at it, the fainter grew the hopes which the fisherman's family still strove to cherish for the safety of François Sarzeau and of his younger son who had gone with him in the boat.

There was something impressive in the simplicity of the scene that was now passing within the cottage. On one side of the great rugged black fire-place crouched two little girls; the younger half asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. These were the daughters of the fisherman; and opposite to them sat their eldest brother, Gabriel. His right arm had been badly wounded in a recent encounter at the national game of the *Soule*, a sport resembling our English football; but played on both sides in such savage earnest by the people of Brittany as to end always in bloodshed, often in mutilation, sometimes even in loss of life. On the same bench with Gabriel sat his betrothed wife — a girl of eighteen — clothed in the plain, almost monastic black and white costume of her native district. She was the daughter of a small farmer living at some little distance from the coast. Between the groups formed on either side of the fire-place, the vacant space was occupied by the foot of a truckle bed. In this bed lay a very old man, the father of François Sarzeau. His haggard face was covered with deep wrinkles; his long white hair flowed over the coarse lump of sackcloth which served him for a pillow, and his light gray eyes wandered incessantly, with a strange expression of terror and suspicion, from person to person, and from object to object, in all parts of the room. Every time when the wind and sea whistled and roared at their loudest, he muttered to himself and tossed his hands fretfully on his wretched coverlid. On these occasions, his eyes always fixed themselves intently on a little delf image of the Virgin placed in a

niche over the fire-place. Whenever they saw him look in this direction Gabriel and the young girl shuddered and crossed themselves; and even the child who still kept awake imitated their example. There was one bond of feeling at least between the old man and his grandchildren, which connected his age and their youth unnaturally and closely together. This feeling was reverence for the superstitions which had been handed down to them by their ancestors from centuries and centuries back, as far even as the age of the Druids. The spirit-warnings of disaster and death, which the old man heard in the wailing of the wind, in the crashing of the waves, in the dreary, monotonous rattling of the casement, the young man and his affianced wife and the little child who cowered by the fire-side, heard too. All differences in sex, in temperament, in years, Superstition was strong enough to strike down to its own dread level, in the fisherman's cottage, on that stormy night.

Besides the benches by the fire-side and the bed, the only piece of furniture in the room was a coarse wooden table, with a loaf of black bread, a knife, and a pitcher of cider placed on it. Old nets, coils of rope, tattered sails, hung about the walls and over the wooden partition which separated the room into two compartments. Wisps of straw and ears of barley drooped down through the rotten rafters and gaping boards that made the floor of the granary above.

These different objects and the persons in the cottage, who composed the only surviving members of the fisherman's family, were strangely and wildly lit up by the blaze of the fire and by the still brighter glare of a resin torch stuck into a block of wood in the chimney corner. The red and yellow light played full on the weird face of the old man as he lay opposite to it, and glanced fitfully on the figures of Rose, Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy shadows rose and fell, and grew and lessened in bulk about the walls like visions of darkness, animated by a supernatural spectre-life; while the dense obscurity outside spreading before the curtainless window seemed as a wall of solid darkness that had closed in forever around the fisherman's house. The night-scene within the cottage was almost as wild and as dreary to look upon as the night-scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the room sat together without speaking, even without looking at each other. At last, the girl turned and whispered something into Gabriel's ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?" asked the child opposite, seizing the first opportunity of breaking the desolate silence — doubly desolate at her age — which was preserved by all around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply, "that it was time to change the bandages on his arm; and I also said to him, what I have often said before, that he must never play at that terrible game of the *Soule* again."

The old man had been looking intently at Rose and his grandchild as they spoke. His harsh, hollow voice mingled with the last soft tones of the young girl, repeating over and over again the same terrible words: "Drowned! drowned! Son and grandson, both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! Grandfather," said Gabriel, "we must not lose all hope for them yet. God and the Blessed Virgin protect them!" He looked at the little delf image, and crossed himself; the others imitated him, except the old man. He still tossed his hands over the coverlid, and still repeated "Drowned! drowned!"

"Oh, that accursed *Soule*!" groaned the young man. "But for this wound I should have been with my father. The poor boy's life might at least have been saved; for we should then have left him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice from the bed. "The wail of dying men rises louder than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-singing roars higher than the roaring wind! Be silent, and listen! François drowned! Pierre drowned! Hark! Hark!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the house, as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, overpowering all other sounds, even to the deafening crash of the waves. The slumbering child awoke, and uttered a scream of fear. Rose, who had been kneeling before her lover, binding the fresh bandages on his wounded arm, paused in her occupation, trembling from head to foot. Gabriel looked towards the window; his experience told him what must be the hurricane fury of that blast of wind out at sea, and he sighed bitterly as he murmured to himself, "God help them both—man's help will be as nothing to them now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in altered tones—very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or did not attend to the old man. He was trying to soothe and encourage the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't be frightened, love," he said, kissing her very gently and tenderly on the forehead. "You are as safe here as anywhere. Was I not right in saying that it would be madness to attempt taking you back to the farm-house this evening? You can sleep in that room, Rose, when you are tired—you can sleep with the two girls."

"Gabriel! brother Gabriel!" cried one of the children. "O! look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man had raised himself into a sitting position; his eyes were dilated, his whole face was rigid

with terror, his hands were stretched out convulsively towards his grandson. "The White Women!" he screamed. "The White Women! the grave-diggers of the drowned are out on the sea!" The children, with cries of terror, flung themselves into Rose's arms; even Gabriel uttered an exclamation of horror, and started back from the bedside. Still the old man reiterated, "The White Women! The White Women! Open the door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the ebb tide has left the sand dry. You'll see them bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over the sea, in their long white garments, with their white hair trailing far behind them! Open the door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover over the place where your father and your brother have been drowned; you'll see them come on till they reach the sand; you'll see them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead. Open the door, Gabriel—or, though it should be the death of me, I will get up and open it myself!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but he made a sign that he would obey. It required the exertion of his whole strength to keep the door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness—pitch darkness," answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather, sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Darkness to you; but bright as lightning to the eyes that are allowed to see them. Drowned! drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel—I see the White Women even where I lie, and dare not pray for them. Son and grandson drowned! both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the children. "Grandfather is very ill to-night," he whispered. "You had better all go into the bedroom, and leave me alone to watch by him."

They rose as he spoke, crossed themselves before the image of the Virgin, kissed him one by one, and, without uttering a word, softly entered the little room on the other side of the partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather, and, saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes closed as if he were already dropping asleep. The young man then heaped some fresh logs on the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morning. Very dreary was the moaning of the night-storm; but it was not more dreary than the thoughts which now occupied him in his solitude—thoughts darkened and distorted by the terrible superstitions of his country and his race.

Ever since the period of his mother's death he had been oppressed by the conviction that some curse hung over the family. At first they had been prosperous, they had got money, a little legacy had been left them. But this good fortune had availed only for a time; disaster on disaster strangely and suddenly succeeded. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want itself had overwhelmed them; his father's temper had become so soured, that the oldest friends of François Sarzeau declared he was changed beyond recognition. And now, all this past misfortune — the steady, withering, household blight of many years — had ended in the last worst misery of all — in death. The fate of his father and his brother admitted no longer of a doubt — he knew it, as he listened to the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's words, as he called to mind his own experience of the perils of the sea. And this double bereavement had fallen on him just as the time was approaching for his marriage with Rose; just when misfortune was most ominous of evil, just when it was hardest to bear! Forebodings which he dared not realize began now to mingle with the bitterness of his grief, whenever his thoughts wandered from the present to the future; and as he sat by the lonely fireside, murmuring from time to time the church prayer for the repose of the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled with it another prayer, expressed only in his own simple words, for the safety of the living — for the young girl whose love was his sole earthly treasure; for the motherless children who must now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time, absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round towards the bed, when he was startled by hearing the sound of his grandfather's voice once more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man, trembling and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel, do you hear a dripping of water — now slow, now quick again — on the floor at the foot of my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crackling of the fire, and the roaring of the storm outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look down on the floor — look with all your eyes. Is the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers, and knelt down on the floor to examine it closely. He started back from the place, as he saw that it was quite dry — the torch dropped upon the hearth — he fell on his knees before the statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command you! — Is the floor wet?" — asked the old man quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went back to the bedside, and whispered to

him that no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage. As he spoke the words, he saw a change pass over his grandfather's face — the sharp features seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager expression to grow vacant and death-like in an instant. The voice too altered; it was harsh and querulous no more; its tones became strangely soft, slow, and solemn, when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip! drip! faster and plainer than ever. That ghostly dropping of water is the last and the surest of the fatal signs which have told of your father's and your brother's deaths to-night, and I know from the place where I hear it — the foot of the bed I lie on — that it is a warning to me of my own approaching end. I am called where my son and my grandson have gone before me; my weary time in this world is over at last. Don't let Rose and the children come in here, if they should awake — they are too young to look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled when he heard these words — when he touched his grandfather's hand, and felt the chill that it struck to his own — when he listened to the raging wind, and knew that all help was miles and miles away from the cottage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness, and the distance, he thought not for a moment of neglecting the duty that had been taught him from his childhood — the duty of summoning the priest to the bedside of the dying. "I must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you while I am away."

"Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel! I implore, I command you not to leave me!"

"The priest, grandfather — your confession —"

"It must be made to you. In this darkness and this hurricane no man can keep the path across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying — I should be dead before you got back. Gabriel! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here with me till I die — my time is short — I have a terrible secret that I must tell to somebody before I draw my last breath! Your ear to my mouth! — quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was audible on the other side of the partition, the door half opened! and Rose appeared at it, looking affrightedly into the room. The vigilant eyes of the old man — suspicious even in death — caught sight of her directly. "Go back!" he exclaimed faintly, before she could utter a word, "go back — push her back, Gabriel, and nail down the latch in the door, if she won't shut it of herself!"

"Dear Rose! go in again," implored Gabriel. "Go in and keep the children from disturbing us. You will only make him worse — you can be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the door again. While the old man clutched him by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick!"

— your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard her say to the children (who were both awake), "Let us pray for grandfather." And, as he knelt down by the bedside, there stole on his ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sisters, and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl, who was teaching them the prayer, mingling divinely with the solemn wailing of wind and sea, rising in a still and awful purity over the hoarse, gasping whispers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel — lean down closer! I'm weak, and they mustn't hear a word in that room — I took an oath not to tell it; but death is a warrant to all men for breaking such an oath as that. Listen; don't lose a word I'm saying! Don't look away into the room: the stain of blood-guilt has defiled it forever! — Hush! Hush! Hush! Let me speak. Now your father's dead, I can't carry the horrid secret with me into the grave. Just remember, Gabriel — try if you can't remember the time before I was bedridden — ten years ago and more — it was about six weeks, you know, before your mother's death; you can remember it by that. You and all the children were in that room with your mother; you were all asleep, I think; it was night, not very late — only nine o'clock. Your father and I were standing at the door, looking out at the heath in the moonlight. He was so poor at that time, he had been obliged to sell his own boat, and none of the neighbors would take him out fishing with them — your father was n't liked by any of the neighbors. Well; we saw a stranger coming towards us; a very young man, with a knapsack on his back. He looked like a gentleman, though he was but poorly dressed. He came up, and told us he was dead tired, and did n't think he could reach the town that night, and asked if we would give him shelter till morning. And your father said yes, if he would make no noise, because the wife was ill and the children were asleep. So he said all he wanted was to go to sleep himself before the fire. We had nothing to give him but black bread. He had better food with him than that, and undid his knapsack to get at it — and — and — Gabriel! I'm sinking — drink! something to drink — I'm parched with thirst!"

Silent and deadly pale, Gabriel poured some of the cider from the pitcher on the table into a drinking cup, and gave it to the old man. Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on him was almost instantaneous. His dull eyes brightened a little, and he went on in the same whispering tones as before.

"He pulled the food out of his knapsack rather in a hurry, so that some of the other small things in it fell on the floor. Among these was a pocket-book, which your father picked up and gave him back; and he put it in his coat-pocket — there was a tear in one

of the sides of the book, and through the hole some bank-notes bulged out. I saw them, and so did your father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close, there's nothing in me to shrink from). Well, he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and gave me four or five livres, and then lay down before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his eyes, your father looked at me in a way I did n't like. He'd been behaving very bitterly and desperately towards us for some time past; being soured about poverty, and your mother's illness, and the constant crying out of you children for more to eat. So, when he told me to go and buy some wood, some bread, and some wine with the money I had got, I did n't like, somehow, to leave him alone with the stranger; and so made excuses, saying (which was true) that it was too late to buy things in the village that night. But he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid me, and knock the people up if the shop was shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid of your father — as indeed we all were at that time — but I could n't make up my mind to go far from the house; I was afraid of something happening, though I did n't dare to think what. I don't know how it was; but I stole back in about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage; and looked in at the window; and saw — O! God forgive him! O, God forgive me! — I saw — I — more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak again — more to drink!"

The voices in the next room had ceased; but in the minute of silence which now ensued, Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and wishing her good-night. They were all three trying to go to sleep again.

"Gabriel, pray yourself, and teach your children after you to pray, that your father may find forgiveness where he is now gone. I saw him, plainly as I now see you, kneeling with his knife in one hand over the sleeping man. He was taking the little book with the notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got the book into his possession, and held it quite still in his hand for an instant, thinking. I believe — O, no! no! — I'm sure, he was repenting; I am sure he was going to put the book back; but just at that moment the stranger moved, and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew too strong for your father — I saw him lift the hand with the knife in it — but saw nothing more. I could n't look in at the window — I could n't move away — I could n't cry out; I stood with my back turned towards the house, shivering all over, though it was a warm summer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all, from the room behind me. I was too frightened to know how long it was before the opening of the cottage door made me turn round;

but when I did, I saw your father standing before me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth. Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob in that way! Stifle it with the bed-clothes. Hush! you'll wake them in the next room!"

"Gabriel—Gabriel!" exclaimed a voice from behind the partition. "What has happened? Gabriel! let me come out and be with you!"

"No! no!" cried the old man, collecting the last remains of his strength in the attempt to speak above the wind, which was just then howling at the loudest. "Stay where you are—don't speak—don't come out, I command you! Gabriel" (his voice dropped to a faint whisper), "raise me up in bed—you must hear the whole of it, now—raise me; I'm choking so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and listen—I can't say much more. Where was I?—Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if I did n't swear to keep it secret; and in terror of my life I swore. He made me help him carry the body—we took it all across the heath—O! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon—(lift me higher, Gabriel). You know the great stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you know the hollow place under the stones they call 'The Merchant's Table'—we had plenty of room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and then we ran back to the cottage. I never dared go near the place afterwards; no, nor your father either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking again.) We burnt the pocket-book and the knapsack—never knew his name—we kept the money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're not listening close enough!) Your father said it was a legacy, when you and your mother asked about the money. (You hurt me, you shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you sob like that.) It brought a curse on us, the money; the curse has drowned your father and your brother; the curse is killing me; but I've confessed—tell the priest I confessed before I died. Stop her; stop Rose! I hear her getting up. Take his bones away from the Merchant's Table, and bury them for the love of God!—and tell the priest—(lift me higher: lift me till I'm on my knees)—if your father was alive, he'd murder me—but tell the priest—because of my guilty soul—to pray—and remember The Merchant's Table—to bury, and to pray—to pray always for —"

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering of the old man—though no word that he said reached her ear—she shrank from opening the door in the partition. But, when the whispering sounds—which terrified her she knew not how or why—first faltered, then

ceased altogether; when she heard the sobs that followed them; and when her heart told her who was weeping in the next room—then, she began to be influenced by a new feeling which was stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened the door without hesitating—almost without trembling.

The coverlid was drawn up over the old man; Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his face hidden. When she spoke to him, he neither answered nor looked at her. After a while, the sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never moved—except once when she touched him, and then he shuddered—shuddered under her hand! She called in his little sisters, and they spoke to him, and still he uttered no word in reply. They wept. One by one, often and often, they entreated him with loving words; but the stupor of grief which held him speechless and motionless was beyond the power of human tears, stronger even than the strength of human love.

It was near daybreak, and the storm was lulling—but still no change occurred at the bedside. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Gabriel, still vainly endeavoring to arouse him to a sense of her presence, she thought she heard the old man breathing feebly, and stretched out her hand towards the coverlid; but she could not summon courage to touch him or to look at him. This was the first time she had ever been present at a death-bed; the stillness in the room, the stupor of despair that had seized Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was almost as helpless as the two children by her side. It was not till the dawn looked in at the cottage window—so coldly, so dearly, and yet so reassuringly—that she began to recover her self-possession at all. Then she knew that her best resource would be to summon assistance immediately from the nearest house. While she was trying to persuade the two children to remain alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during her temporary absence, she was startled by the sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened, and a man appeared on the threshold, standing still there for a moment in the dim uncertain light. She looked closer—looked intently at him. It was François Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face—always pale and inflexible—seemed to be but little altered in expression by the perils through which he must have passed during the night. Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms. In the astonishment and fright of the first moment, Rose screamed as she recognized him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly, advancing straight to the hearth with his burden, "don't make a noise. You never expected to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave ourselves up as lost, and only escaped

after all by a miracle." He laid the boy down where he could get the full warmth of the fire; and then, turning round, took a wicker-covered bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it had n't been for the brandy!" He stopped suddenly—started—put down the bottle on the bench near him—and advanced quickly to the bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw Gabriel, who had risen when the door was opened, moving back from the bed as François approached. The young man's face seemed to have been suddenly struck to stone—its blank ghastly whiteness was awful to look at. He moved slowly backward and backward till he came to the cottage wall—then stood quite still, staring on his father with wild, vacant eyes, moving his hands to and fro before him, muttering; but never pronouncing one audible word.

François did not appear to notice his son; he had the coverlid of the bed in his hand. "Anything the matter here?" he asked, as he drew it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw it, and answered for him. "Gabriel is afraid that his poor grandfather is dead," she whispered nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in the tone, as he echoed the word. "Was he very bad in the night before his death happened? Did he wander in his mind? He has been rather light-headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of the ghostly warnings that we all know of: he said he saw and heard many things which told him from the other world that you and Pierre—Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly interrupting herself. "Look at him! Look at his face! Your grandfather is not dead!"

At that moment, François was raising his father's head to look closely at him. A faint spasm had indeed passed over the deathly face; the lips quivered, the jaw dropped. François shuddered as he looked, and moved away hastily from the bed. At the same instant Gabriel started from the wall; his expression altered, his pale cheeks flushed suddenly, as he snatched up the wicker-cased bottle, and poured all the little brandy that was left in it down his grandfather's throat. The effect was nearly instantaneous; the sinking vital forces rallied desperately. The old man's eyes opened again, wandered round the room, then fixed themselves intently on François, as he stood near the fire. Trying and terrible as his position was at that moment, Gabriel still retained self-possession enough to whisper a few words in Rose's ear. "Go back again into the bedroom, and take the children with you," he said. "We may have something to speak about which you had better not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trem-

bling all over," said François. "If he is dying at all, he is dying of cold: help me to lift him, bed and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gasped the old man. "Don't let him look at me in that way! Don't let him come near me, Gabriel! Is it his ghost? or is it himself?"

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knocking at the door. His father opened it; and disclosed to view some people from the neighboring fishing village, who had come—more out of curiosity than sympathy—to inquire whether François and the boy, Pierre, had survived the night. Without asking any one to enter, the fisherman surlily and shortly answered the various questions addressed to him, standing in his own doorway. While he was thus engaged, Gabriel heard his grandfather muttering vacantly to himself—"Last night—how about last night, grandson? What was I talking about last night? Did I say your father was drowned? Very foolish to say he was drowned, and then see him come back alive again! But it was n't that—I'm so weak in my head, I can't remember! What was it, Gabriel! Something too horrible to speak of! Is that what you're whispering and trembling about? I said nothing horrible. A crime! Bloodshed! I know nothing of any crime or bloodshed here—I must have been frightened out of my wits to talk in that way! The Merchant's Table! Only a big heap of old stones! What with the storm, and thinking I was going to die, and being afraid about your father, I must have been light-headed. Don't give another thought to that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in his sleep. Ah! poor old man—last night—light-headed—fancies and nonsense of an old man—why don't you laugh at it? I'm laughing—so light-headed—so light—!"

He stopped suddenly. A low cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning which had distorted his face while he had been speaking, faded from it forever. He shivered a little—breathed heavily once or twice—then became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood on his lips!

Gabriel looked round, and saw that the cottage-door was closed, and that his father was standing against it. How long he had occupied that position, how many of the old man's last words he had heard, it was impossible to conjecture, but there was a lowering suspicion in his harsh face as he now looked away from the corpse to his son, which made Gabriel shudder; and the first question that he asked, once more approaching the bedside, was expressed in tones which, quiet as they were, had a fearful meaning in them. "What did

your grandfather talk about last night?" he asked.

Gabriel did not answer. All that he had heard, all that he had seen, all the misery and horror that might yet be to come, had stunned his mind. The unspeakable dangers of his present position were too tremendous to be realized. He could only feel vaguely as yet in the weary torpor that oppressed his heart; while in every other direction the use of his faculties, physical and mental, seemed to have suddenly and totally abandoned him.

"Is your tongue wounded, son Gabriel, as well as your arm?" his father went on, with a bitter laugh. "I come back to you, saved by a miracle; and you never speak to me. Would you rather I had died than the old man there? He can't hear you now — why should n't you tell me what nonsense he was talking last night? — You won't? I say you shall!" (He crossed the room and put his back to the door.) "Before either of us leave this place, you shall confess it! You know that my duty to the Church bids me go at once, and tell the priest of your grandfather's death. If I leave that duty unfulfilled, remember it is through your fault! You keep me here — for here I stop till I am obeyed. Do you hear that, idiot? Speak! Speak instantly, or you shall repent it to the day of your death! I ask again — what did your grandfather say to you when he was wandering in his mind, last night?"

"He spoke of a crime, committed by another, and guiltily kept secret by him," answered Gabriel slowly and sternly. "And this morning he denied his own words with his last living breath. But last night, if he spoke the truth —"

"The truth!" echoed François. "What truth?" He stopped, his eyes fell, then turned towards the corpse. For a few minutes he stood steadily contemplating it; breathing quickly, and drawing his hand several times across his forehead. Then he faced his son once more. In that short interval he had become in outward appearance a changed man: expression, voice, and manner, all were altered. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, "but I could almost laugh at myself, at this solemn moment, for having spoken and acted just now so much like a fool! Denied his words, did he? Poor old man! they say sense often comes back to light-headed people just before death; and he is a proof of it. The fact is, Gabriel, my own wits must have been a little shaken — and no wonder — by what I went through last night and what I have come home to this morning. As if you, or anybody, could ever really give serious credit to the wandering speeches of a dying old man! (Where is Rose? Why did you send her away?) I don't wonder at your still looking a little startled, and feeling low in your mind, and all that — for you've had a trying night of it;

trying in every way. He must have been a good deal shaken in his wits, last night, between fears about himself, and fears about me. (To think of my being angry with you, Gabriel, for being a little alarmed — very naturally — by an old man's queer fancies!) Come out, Rose — come out of the bedroom whenever you are tired of it: you must learn sooner or later to look at death calmly. Shake hands, Gabriel; and let us make it up, and say no more about what has passed. You won't! Still angry with me for what I said to you just now! Ah! — you'll think better about it, by the time I return. Come out, Rose, we've no secrets here."

"Where are you going to?" asked Gabriel, as he saw his father hastily open the door.

"To tell the priest that one of his congregation is dead, and to have the death registered," answered François. "These are my duties, and must be performed before I take any rest."

He went out hurriedly, as he said these words. Gabriel almost trembled at himself, when he found that he breathed more freely, that he felt less horribly oppressed both in mind and body, the moment his father's back was turned. Fearful as that thought was now, it was still a change for the better even to be capable of thinking at all. Was the behavior of his father compatible with innocence! Could the old man's confused denial of his own words in the morning and in the presence of his son, be set for one instant against the circumstantial confession that he had made during the night, alone with his grandson? These were the terrible questions which Gabriel now asked himself; and which he shrank involuntarily from answering. And yet, that doubt, the solution of which would one way or the other irrevocably affect the whole future of his life, must sooner or later be solved at any hazards! There was but one way of setting it at rest — to go instantly, while his father was absent, and examine the hollow place under "The Merchant's Table." If his grandfather's confession had really been made while he was in possession of his senses, this place (which Gabriel knew to be covered in from wind and weather) had never been visited since the commission of the crime by the perpetrator, or by his unwilling accomplice: though time had destroyed all besides, the hair and the bones of the victim would still be left to bear witness to the truth — if truth had indeed been spoken. As this conviction grew on him, the young man's cheek paled; and he stopped irresolute, half way between the hearth and the door. Then he looked down doubtfully at the corpse on the bed; and then there came upon him, suddenly, a revulsion of feeling. A wild, feverish impatience to know the worst without another instant of delay possessed him. Only telling:

Rose that he should be back soon, and that she must watch by the dead in his absence, he left the cottage at once, without waiting to hear her reply, even without looking back as he closed the door behind him.

There were two tracks to The Merchant's Table. One, the longer of the two, by the coast cliffs; the other across the heath. But this latter path was also, for some little distance, the path which led to the village and the church. He was afraid of attracting his father's attention here, so he took the direction of the coast. At one spot, the track trended inland, winding round some of the many Druid monuments scattered over the country. This place was on high ground, and commanded a view, at no great distance, of the path leading to the village, just where it branched off from the heathy ridge which ran in the direction of The Merchant's Table. Here Gabriel desiered the figure of a man standing with his back towards the coast. This figure was too far off to be identified with absolute certainty; but it looked like, and might well be, François Sarzeau. Whoever he was, the man was evidently uncertain which way he should proceed. When he moved forward it was first to advance several paces towards The Merchant's Table — then he went back again towards the distant cottages and the church. Twice he hesitated thus; the second time pausing long before he appeared finally to take the way that led to the village. Leaving the post of observation among the stones, at which he had instinctively halted for some minutes past, Gabriel now proceeded in his own path. Could this man really be his father? And if it were so, why did François Sarzeau only determine to go to the village where his business lay, after having twice vainly attempted to persevere in taking the exactly opposite direction of The Merchant's Table? Did he really desire to go there? Had he heard the name mentioned, when the old man referred to it in his dying words? And had he failed to summon courage enough to make all safe by removing — ? This last question was too horrible to be pursued: Gabriel stifled it affrightedly in his own heart, as he went on.

He reached the great Druid monument, without meeting a living soul on his way. The sun was rising, and the mighty storm clouds of the night were parting asunder wildly over the whole eastward horizon. The waves still leapt and foamed gloriously; but the gale had sunk to a keen, fresh breeze. As Gabriel looked up, and saw how brightly the promise of a lovely day was written in the heavens, he trembled as he thought of the search which he was now about to make. The sight of the fair fresh sunrise jarred horribly with the suspicions of committed murder that were rankling foully in his heart. But

he knew that his errand must be performed, and he nerved himself to go through with it; for he dared not return to the cottage until the mystery had been cleared up at once and forever.

The Merchant's Table was formed by two huge stones resting horizontally on three others. In the troubled times of more than half a century ago, regular tourists were unknown among the Druid monuments of Brittany; and the entrance to the hollow place under the stones — since often visited by strangers — was at this time nearly choked up by brambles and weeds. Gabriel's first look at this tangled nook of briars convinced him that the place had not been entered — perhaps for years — by any living being. Without allowing himself to hesitate (for he felt that the slightest delay might be fatal to his resolution) he passed as gently as possible through the brambles, and knelt down at the low, dusky, irregular entrance of the hollow place under the stones.

His heart throbbed violently, his breath almost failed him; but he forced himself to crawl a few feet into the cavity, and then groped with his hand on the ground about him. He touched something! Something which it made his flesh creep to handle; something which he would fain have dropped, but which he grasped tight in spite of himself. He drew back into the outer air and sunshine. Was it a human bone! No! he had been the dupe of his own morbid terror — he had only taken up a fragment of dried wood!

Feeling shame at such self-deception as this, he was about to throw the wood from him before he reentered the place, when another idea occurred to him. Though it was dimly lighted through one or two chinks in the stones, the far part of the interior of the cavity was still too dusky to admit of perfect examination by the eye, even on a bright sunny morning. Observing this, he took out the tinder box and matches, which — like the other inhabitants of the district — he always carried about with him for the purpose of lighting his pipe, determining to use the piece of wood as a torch which might illuminate the darkest corner of the place when he next entered it. Fortunately, the wood had remained so long and had been preserved so dry in its sheltered position, that it caught fire almost as easily as a piece of paper. The moment it was fairly aflame Gabriel went into the cavity — penetrating at once, this time, to its farthest extremity.

He remained among the stones long enough for the wood to burn down nearly to his hand. When he came out, and flung the burning fragment from him, his face was flushed deeply, his eyes sparkled. He leapt carelessly on to the heath, over the bushes through

which he had threaded his way so warily but a few minutes before, exclaiming, "I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now — ay, I am the son of as honest a man as there is in Brittany!" He had closely examined the cavity in every corner, and not the slightest sign that any dead body had ever been laid there was visible in the hollow place under The Merchant's Table.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now!" There are some parts of the world, where it would be drawing no natural picture of human nature to represent a son as believing conscientiously that an offence against life and the laws of hospitality, secretly committed by his father, rendered him, though innocent of all participation in it, unworthy to fulfil his engagement with his affianced wife. Among the simple inhabitants of Gabriel's province, however, such acuteness of conscientious sensibility as this was no extraordinary exception to all general rules. Ignorant and superstitious as they might be, the people of Brittany practised the duties of hospitality as devoutly as they practised the duties of the national religion. The presence of the stranger-guest, rich or poor, was a sacred presence at their hearths. His safety was their especial charge — his property their especial responsibility. They might be half-starved, but they were ready to share the last crust with him nevertheless, as they would share it with their own children. Any outrage on the virtue of hospitality, thus born and bred in the people, was viewed by them with universal disgust, and punished by universal execration. This ignominy was uppermost in Gabriel's thoughts by the side of his grandfather's bed; the dread of this worst dishonor, which there was no wiping out, held him speechless before Rose, shamed and horrified him so that he felt unworthy to look her in the face; and when the result of his search at the Merchant's Table proved the absence there of all evidences of the crime spoken of by the old man, the blessed relief, the absorbing triumph of that discovery was expressed entirely in the one thought which had prompted his first joyful words: — He could marry Rose with a clear conscience, for he was the son of an honest man!

When he returned to the cottage, François had not come back. Rose was astonished at the change in Gabriel's manner; even Pierre and the children remarked it. Rest and warmth had by this time so far recovered the younger brother, that he was able to give some account of the perilous adventures of the night at sea. They were still listening to the boy's narrative when François at last returned. It was now Gabriel who held out

his hand, and made the first advances towards reconciliation.

To his utter amazement, his father recoiled from him. The variable temper of François had evidently changed completely during his absence at the village. A settled scowl of distrust darkened his face, as he looked at his son. "I never shake hands with people who have once doubted me," he said loudly and irritably; "for I always doubt them forever after. You are a bad son! You have suspected your father of some infamy that you dare not openly charge him with, on no other testimony than the rambling nonsense of a half-witted, dying old man. Don't speak to me! I won't hear you! An innocent man and a spy are bad company. Go and denounce me, you Judas in disguise! I don't care for your secret or for you. What's that girl Rose doing here still! Why has n't she gone home long ago! The priest's coming; we don't want strangers in the house of death. Take her back to the farm-house, and stop there with her, if you like; nobody wants you here!"

There was something in the manner and look of the speaker, as he uttered these words, so strange, so sinister, so indescribably suggestive of his meaning much more than he said, that Gabriel felt his heart sink within him instantly; and almost at the same moment this fearful question forced itself irresistibly on his mind — might not his father have followed him to The Merchant's Table! Even if he had been desired to speak, he could not have spoken now, while that question and the suspicion that it brought with it were utterly destroying all the reassuring hopes and convictions of the morning. The mental suffering produced by the sudden change from pleasure to pain in all his thoughts, reacted on him physically. He felt as if he were stifling in the air of the cottage, in the presence of his father; and when Rose hurried on her walking attire, and, with a face which alternately flushed and turned pale with every moment, approached the door, he went out with her as hastily as if he had been flying from his home. Never had the fresh air and the free daylight felt like heavenly and guardian influences to him until now!

He could comfort Rose under his father's harshness, he could assure her of his own affection, that no earthly influence could change, while they walked together towards the farm-house; but he could do no more. He durst not confide to her the subject that was uppermost in his mind: of all human beings she was the last to whom he could reveal the terrible secret that was festering at his heart. As soon as they got within sight of the farm-house, Gabriel stopped; and, promising to see her again soon, took leave of Rose with

assumed ease in his manner and with real despair in his heart. Whatever the poor girl might think of it, he felt, at that moment, that he had not courage to face her father, and hear him talk happily and pleasantly, as his custom was, of Rose's approaching marriage.

Left to himself, Gabriel wandered hither and thither over the open heath, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps. The doubts about his father's innocence, which had been dissipated by his visit to The Merchant's Table, that father's own language and manner had now revived—had even confirmed, though he dared not yet acknowledge so much to himself. It was terrible enough to be obliged to admit that the result of his morning's search was, after all, not conclusive—that the mystery was in very truth not yet cleared up. The violence of his father's last words of distrust; the extraordinary and indescribable changes in his father's manner while uttering them—what did these things mean? Guilt or innocence? Again, was it any longer reasonable to doubt the death-bed confession made by his grandfather? Was it not, on the contrary, far more probable that the old man's denial in the morning of his own words at night, had been made under the influence of a panic terror, when his moral consciousness was bewildered, and his intellectual faculties were sinking? The longer Gabriel thought of these questions, the less competent—possibly also the less willing—he felt to answer them. Should he seek advice from others wiser than he? No: not while the thousandth part of a chance remained that his father was innocent. This thought was still in his mind, when he found himself once more in sight of his home. He was still hesitating near the door, when he saw it opened cautiously. His brother Pierre looked out, and then came running towards him. "Come in, Gabriel; oh, do come in!" said the boy earnestly. "We are afraid to be alone with father. He's been beating us for talking of you."

Gabriel went in. His father looked up from the hearth where he was sitting, muttered the word "Spy!" and made a gesture of contempt—but did not address a word directly to his son. The hours passed on in silence; afternoon waned into evening, and evening into night; and still he never spoke to any of his children. Soon after it was dark, he went out, and took his net with him—saying that it was better to be alone on the sea than in the house with a spy. When he returned the next morning, there was no change in him. Days passed—weeks, months even elapsed—and still, though his manner insensibly became what it used to be towards his other children, it never altered towards his eldest son. At the rare periods when they

now met, except when absolutely obliged to speak, he preserved total silence in his intercourse with Gabriel. He would never take Gabriel out with him in the boat; he would never sit alone with Gabriel in the house; he would never eat a meal with Gabriel; he would never let the other children talk to him about Gabriel; and he would never hear a word in expostulation, a word in reference to anything his dead father had said or done on the night of the storm, from Gabriel himself.

The young man pined and changed so that even Rose hardly knew him again, under this cruel system of domestic excommunication; under the wearing influence of the one unchanging doubt which never left him; and, more than all, under the incessant reproaches of his own conscience, aroused by the sense that he was evading a responsibility which it was his solemn, his immediate duty to undertake. But no sting of conscience, no ill-treatment at home, and no self-reproaches for failing in his duty of confession, as a good Catholic, were powerful enough in their influence over Gabriel to make him disclose the secret, under the oppression of which his very life was wasting away. He knew that if he once revealed it, whether his father was ultimately proved to be guilty or innocent, there would remain a slur and a suspicion on the family, and on Rose besides, from her approaching connection with it, which in their time and in their generation could never be removed. The reproach of the world is terrible even in the crowded city, where many of the dwellers in our abiding-place are strangers to us—but it is far more terrible in the country, where none near us are strangers, where all talk of us and know of us, where nothing intervenes between us and the tyranny of the evil tongue. Gabriel had not courage to face this, and dare the fearful chance of life-long ignominy—no, not even to serve the sacred interests of justice, of atonement, and of truth.

While he still remained prostrated under the affliction that was wasting his energies of body and mind, Brittany was visited by a great public calamity, in which all private misfortunes were overwhelmed for a while. It was now the time when the ever-gathering storm of the French Revolution had risen to its hurricane climax. Those chiefs of the new republic were now in power, whose last, worst madness it was to decree the extinction of religion and the overthrow of everything that outwardly symbolized it, throughout the whole of the country that they governed. Already this decree had been executed to the letter in and around Paris; and now the soldiers of the republic were on their way to Brittany, headed by commanders whose commission was to root out the Christian religion

in the last and the surest of the strongholds still left to it in France.

These men began their work in a spirit worthy of the worst of their superiors, who had sent them to do it. They gutted churches, they demolished chapels, they overthrew roadside crosses wherever they found them. The terrible guillotine devoured human lives in the villages of Brittany, as it had devoured them in the streets of Paris; the musket and the sword, in highway and byway, wreaked havoc on the people—even on women and children kneeling in the act of prayer; the priests were tracked night and day from one hiding-place where they still offered up worship to another, and were killed as soon as overtaken—every atrocity was committed in every district; but the Christian religion still spread wider than the widest bloodshed; still sprang up with ever-renewed vitality from under the very feet of the men whose vain fury was powerless to trample it down. Everywhere the people remained true to their Faith; everywhere the priests stood firm by them in their sorest need. The executioners of the republic had been sent to make Brittany a country of apostates; they did their worst, and left it a country of martyrs.

One evening, while this frightful persecution was still raging, Gabriel happened to be detained unusually late at the cottage of Rose's father. He had lately spent much of his time at the farm-house; it was his only refuge now from that place of suffering, of silence, and of secret shame, which he had once called home! Just as he had taken leave of Rose for the night, and was about to open the farm-house door, her father stopped him, and pointed to a chair in the chimney corner. "Leave us alone, my dear," said the old man to his daughter; "I want to speak to Gabriel. You can go to your mother in the next room."

The words which Père Bonan—as he was called by the neighbors—had now to say, in private, were destined to lead to very unexpected events. After referring to the alteration which had appeared of late in Gabriel's manner, the old man began by asking him, sorrowfully but not suspiciously, whether he still preserved his old affection for Rose. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, Père Bonan then referred to the persecution still raging through the country, and to the consequent possibility that he, like others of his countrymen, might yet be called to suffer and perhaps to die for the cause of his religion. If this last act of self-sacrifice were required of him, Rose would be left unprotected, unless her affianced husband performed his promise to her, and assumed, without delay, the position of her lawful guardian. "Let me know that you will do

this," concluded the old man. "I shall be resigned to all that may be required of me, if I can only know that I shall not die leaving Rose unprotected." Gabriel gave the promise—gave it with his whole heart. As he took leave of Père Bonan, the old man said to him:—

"Come here to-morrow; I shall know more then, than I know now—I shall be able to fix with certainty the day for the fulfilment of your engagement with Rose."

Why did Gabriel hesitate at the farm-house door, looking back on Père Bonan as though he would fain say something, and yet not speaking a word? Why, after he had gone out and walked onward several paces, did he suddenly stop, return quickly to the farm-house, stand irresolute before the gate, and then retrace his steps, sighing heavily as he went, but never pausing again on his homeward way? Because the torment of his horrible secret had grown harder to bear than ever, since he had given the promise that had been required of him. Because, while a strong impulse moved him frankly to lay bare his hidden dread and doubt to the father whose beloved daughter was soon to be his wife, there was a yet stronger passive influence which paralyzed on his lips the terrible confession that he knew not whether he was the son of an honest man, or the son of an assassin and a robber. Made despatch by his situation, he determined, while he hastened homeward, to risk the worst and ask that fatal question of his father in plain words. But this supreme trial for parent and child was not to be. When he entered the cottage, François was absent. He had told the younger children that he should not be home again before noon on the next day.

Early in the morning Gabriel repaired to the farm-house, as he had been bidden. Influenced by his love for Rose, blindly confiding in the faint hope (which in despite of heart and conscience he still forced himself to cherish) that his father might be innocent, he now preserved the appearance at least of perfect calmness. "If I tell my secret to Rose's father, I risk disturbing in him that confidence in the future safety of his child, for which I am his present and only warrant"—something like this thought was in Gabriel's mind, as he took the hand of Père Bonan, and waited anxiously to hear what was required of him on that day.

"We have a short respite from danger, Gabriel," said the old man. "News has come to me that the spoilers of our churches and the murderers of our congregations have been stopped on their way hitherward by tidings which have reached them from another district. This interval of peace and safety will be a short one—we must take advantage of it while it is yet ours. My name is among

the names on the list of the denounced ; if the soldiers of the Republic find me here ! — but we will say nothing more of this ; it is of Rose and of you that I must now speak. On this very evening your marriage may be solemnized with all the wonted rites of our holy religion, and the blessing may be pronounced over you by the lips of a priest. This evening, therefore, Gabriel, you must become the husband and the protector of Rose. Listen to me attentively, and I will tell you how."

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Père Bonan : —

Not very long before the persecution broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul, was appointed to a curacy in one of the northern districts of the province. He fulfilled all the duties of his station in such a manner as to win the confidence and affection of every member in his congregation, and was often spoken of with respect, even in parts of the country distant from the scene of his labors. It was not, however, until the troubles broke out, and the destruction and bloodshed began, that he became renowned far and wide, from one end of Brittany to another. From the date of the very first persecutions the name of Father Paul was a rallying cry of the hunted peasantry ; he was their great encouragement under oppression, their example in danger, their last and only consoler in the hour of death. Wherever havoc and ruin raged most fiercely, wherever the pursuit was hottest and the slaughter most cruel, there the intrepid priest was sure to be seen pursuing his sacred duties in defiance of every peril. His hairbreadth escapes from death ; his extraordinary reappearances in parts of the country where no one ever expected to see him again, were regarded by the poorer classes with superstitious awe. Wherever Father Paul appeared, with his black dress, his calm face, and the ivory crucifix which he always carried in his hand, the people revered him as more than mortal ; and grew at last to believe that, single-handed, he would successfully defend his religion against the armies of the republic. But their simple confidence in his powers of resistance was soon destined to be shaken. Fresh reinforcements arrived in Brittany, and overran the whole province from one end to the other. One morning, after celebrating service in a dismantled church, and after narrowly escaping with his life from those who pursued him, the priest disappeared. Secret inquiries were made after him in all directions ; but he was heard of no more.

Many weary days had passed, and the disappointed peasantry had already mourned him as dead, when some fishermen on the northern coast observed a ship of light burden in the

offing, making signals to the shore. They put off to her in their boats ; and on reaching the deck saw standing before them the well-remembered figure of Father Paul. He had returned to his congregations ; and had founded the new altar that they were to worship at, on the deck of a ship ! Razed from the face of the earth, their Church had not been destroyed — for Father Paul and the priests who acted with him had given that Church a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of their dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long. Throughout the remaining time of trouble, the services were uninterrupted on board the ship. A code of signals was established by which those on shore were always enabled to direct their brethren at sea towards such parts of the coast as happened to be uninfested by the enemies of their worship. On the morning of Gabriel's visit to the farm-house, these signals had shaped the course of the ship towards the extremity of the peninsula of Quiberon. The people of the district were all prepared to expect the appearance of the vessel some time in the evening, and had their boats ready at a moment's notice to put off and attend the service. At the conclusion of this service Père Bonan had arranged that the marriage of his daughter and Gabriel was to take place.

They waited for evening at the farm-house. A little before sunset the ship was signalled as in sight ; and then Père Bonan and his wife, followed by Gabriel and Rose, set forth over the heath to the beach. With the solitary exception of François Sarzeau, the whole population of the neighborhood was already assembled there, Gabriel's brother and sisters being among the number. It was the calmest evening that had been known for months. There was not a cloud in the lustrous sky — not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. The smallest children were suffered by their mothers to stray down on the beach as they pleased ; for the waves of the great ocean slept as tenderly and noiselessly on their sandy bed, as if they had been changed into the waters of an inland lake. Slow, almost imperceptible, was the approach of the ship — there was hardly a breath of wind to carry her on — she was just drifting gently with the landward set of the tide at that hour, while her sails hung idly against the masts. Long after the sun had gone down, the congregation still waited and watched on the beach. The moon and stars were arrayed in their glory of the night, before the ship dropped anchor. Then the muffled tolling of a bell came solemnly across the quiet waters ;

and then, from every creek along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, the black forms of the fishermen's boats shot out swift and stealthily into the shining sea.

By the time the boats had arrived alongside of the ship, the lamp had been kindled before the altar, and its flame was gleaming red and dull in the radiant moonlight. Two of the priests on board were clothed in their robes of office, and were waiting in their appointed places to begin the service. But there was a third, dressed only in the ordinary attire of his calling, who mingled with the congregation, and spoke a few words to each of the persons composing it, as, one by one, they mounted the sides of the ship. Those who had never seen him before knew by the famous ivory crucifix in his hand that the priest who received them was Father Paul. Gabriel looked at this man, whom he now beheld for the first time, with a mixture of astonishment and awe; for he saw that the renowned chief of the Christians of Brittany was, to all appearance, but little older than himself. The expression on the pale calm face of the priest was so gentle and kind, that children just able to walk tottered up to him, and held familiarly by the skirts of his black gown, whenever his clear blue eyes rested on theirs, while he beckoned them to his side. No one would ever have guessed from the countenance of Father Paul what deadly perils he had confronted, but for the scar of a sabre-wound, as yet hardly healed, which ran across his forehead. That wound had been dealt while he was kneeling before the altar, in the last church in Brittany which had escaped spoliation. He would have died where he knelt, but for the peasants who were praying with him, and who, unarmed as they were, threw themselves like tigers on the soldiery, and at awful sacrifice of their own lives saved the life of their priest. There was not a man now on board the ship who would have hesitated, had the occasion called for it again, to have rescued him in the same way.

The service began. Since the days when the primitive Christians worshipped amid the caverns of the earth, can any service be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up? Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation. All around this church spread the hushed and awful majesty of the tranquil sea. The roof of this cathedral was the immeasurable heaven, the pure moon its one great light, the countless glories of the stars its only adornment. Here were no hired singers or rich priest-princes; no curious sight-seers, or careless lovers of sweet sounds. This congregation and they who had gathered it together, were all poor alike, all persecuted alike, all

worshipping alike to the overthrow of their worldly interests, and at the imminent peril of their lives. How brightly and tenderly the moonlight shone upon the altar and the people before it!—how solemnly and divinely the deep harmonies, as they chanted the penitential Psalms, mingled with the hoarse singing of the freshening night-breeze in the rigging of the ship!—how sweetly the still, rushing murmur of many voices, as they uttered the responses together, now died away and now rose again softly into the mysterious night!

Of all the members of the congregation—young or old—there was but one over whom that impressive service exercised no influence of consolation or of peace; that one was Gabriel. Often, throughout the day, his reproaching conscience had spoken within him again and again. Often, when he joined the little assembly on the beach, he turned away his face in secret shame and apprehension from Rose and her father. Vainly, after gaining the deck of the ship, did he try to meet the eye of Father Paul as frankly, as readily, and as affectionately as others met it. The burden of concealment seemed too heavy to be borne in the presence of the priest—and yet, torment as it was, he still bore it! But when he knelt with the rest of the congregation and saw Rose kneeling by his side—when he felt the calmness of the solemn night and the still sea filling his heart—when the sounds of the first prayers spoke with a dread spiritual language of their own to his soul—then, the remembrance of the confession which he had neglected, and the terror of receiving unprepared the sacrament which he knew would be offered to him—grew too vivid to be endured; the sense that he merited no longer, though once worthy of it, the confidence in his perfect truth and candor placed in him by the woman with whom he was soon to stand before the altar, overwhelmed him with shame; the mere act of kneeling among that congregation, the passive accomplice by his silence and secrecy, for aught he knew to the contrary, of a crime which it was his bounden duty to denounce, appalled him as if he had already committed sacrilege that could never be forgiven. Tears flowed down his cheeks, though he strove to repress them; sobs burst from him, though he tried to stifle them. He knew that others besides Rose were looking at him in astonishment and alarm; but he could neither control himself, nor move to leave his place, nor raise his eyes even—until suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. That touch, slight as it was, ran through him instantly. He looked up, and saw Father Paul standing by his side.

Beckoning to him to follow, and signing to the congregation not to suspend their devotions, he led Gabriel out of the assembly—

then paused for a moment, reflecting — then beckoning again, took him into the cabin of the ship, and closed the door carefully.

"You have something on your mind," he said simply and quietly, taking the young man by the hand. "I may be able to relieve you, if you tell me what it is."

As Gabriel heard these gentle words, and saw, by the light of a lamp which burnt before a cross fixed against the wall, the sad kindness of expression with which the priest was regarding him, the oppression that had lain so long on his heart seemed to leave it in an instant. The haunting fear of ever divulging his fatal suspicions and his fatal secret had vanished, as it were, at the touch of Father Paul's hand. For the first time, he now repeated to another ear — the sounds of prayer and praise rising grandly the while from the congregation above — his grandfather's death-bed confession, word for word almost as he heard it in the cottage on the night of the storm.

Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative, which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode. As the question was answered, Father Paul's calm face became suddenly agitated; but the next moment, resolutely resuming his self-possession, he bowed his head, as a sign that Gabriel was to continue; clasped his trembling hands, and raising them as if in silent prayer, fixed his eyes intently on the cross. He never looked away from it while the terrible narrative proceeded. But when Gabriel described his search at the Merchant's Table; and, referring to his father's behavior since that time, appealed to the priest to know whether he might, even yet, in defiance of appearances, be still filially justified in doubting whether the crime had really been perpetrated — then Father Paul moved near to him once more, and spoke again.

"Compose yourself, and look at me," he said, with all and more than all his former sad kindness of voice and manner. "I can end your doubts forever. Gabriel, your father was guilty in intention and in act; but the victim of his crime still lives. I can prove it."

Gabriel's heart beat wildly; a deadly coldness crept over him, as he saw Father Paul loosen the fastening of his cassock round the throat. At that instant the chanting of the congregation above ceased; and then, the sudden and awful stillness was deepened rather than interrupted by the faint sound of one voice praying. Slowly and with trembling fingers the priest removed the band round his neck — paused a little — sighed heavily —

and pointed to a scar which was now plainly visible on one side of his throat. He said something, at the same time; but the bell above tolled while he spoke. It was the signal of the elevation of the Host. Gabriel felt an arm passed round him, guiding him to his knees, and sustaining him from sinking to the floor. For one moment longer he was conscious that the bell had stopped, that there was dead silence, that Father Paul was kneeling by him beneath the cross, with bowed head — then all objects around vanished; and he saw and knew nothing more.

When he recovered his senses, he was still in the cabin — the man whose life his father had attempted was bending over him, and sprinkling water on his face — and the clear voices of the women and children of the congregation were joining the voices of the men in singing the *Agnus Dei*.

"Look up at me without fear, Gabriel," said the priest. "I desire not to avenge injuries; I visit not the sins of the father on the child. Look up, and listen! I have strange things to speak of; and I have a sacred mission to fulfil before the morning, in which you must be my guide."

Gabriel attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but Father Paul stopped him, and said, pointing to the cross: "Kneel to that — not to me; not to your fellow-mortal, and your friend — for I will be your friend, Gabriel; believing that God's mercy has ordered it so. And now listen to me," he proceeded, with a brotherly tenderness in his manner which went to Gabriel's heart. "The service is nearly ended. What I have to tell you must be told at once; the errand on which you will guide me must be performed before to-morrow dawns. Sit here near me; and attend to what I now say."

Gabriel obeyed: Father Paul then proceeded thus: —

"I believe the confession made to you by your grandfather to have been true in every particular. On the evening to which he referred you, I approached your cottage, as he said, for the purpose of asking shelter for the night. At that period, I had been studying hard to qualify myself for the holy calling which I now pursue; and, on the completion of my studies, had indulged in the recreation of a tour on foot through Brittany, by way of innocently and agreeably occupying the leisure time then at my disposal, before I entered the priesthood. When I accosted your father, I had lost my way, had been walking for many hours, and was glad of any rest that I could get for the night. It is unnecessary to pain you now, by reference to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I re-

covered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table. My first sensation was that of being moved into the cold air; when I opened my eyes I saw the great Druid stones rising close above me, and two men on either side of me rifling my pockets. They found nothing valuable there, and were about to leave me where I lay, when I gathered strength enough to appeal to their mercy through their cupidity. Money was not scarce with me then, and I was able to offer them a rich reward (which they ultimately received as I had promised) if they would take me to any place where I could get shelter and medical help. I suppose they inferred by my language and accent — perhaps also by the linen I wore, which they examined closely — that I belonged to the higher ranks of the community, in spite of the plainness of my outer garments; and might therefore be in a position to make good my promise to them. I heard one say to the other, 'Let us risk it;' and then they took me in their arms, carried me down to a boat on the beach, and rowed to a vessel in the offing. The next day they disembarked me at Paimboeuf, where I got the assistance which I so much needed. I learnt through the confidence they were obliged to place in me, in order to give me the means of sending them their promised reward, that these men were smugglers, and that they were in the habit of using the cavity in which I had been laid, as a place of concealment for goods, and for letters of advice to their accomplices. This accounted for their finding me. As to my wound, I was informed by the surgeon who attended me, that it had missed being inflicted in a mortal part by less than a quarter of an inch, and that, as it was, nothing but the action of the night air in coagulating the blood over the place had, in the first instance, saved my life. To be brief, I recovered after a long illness, returned to Paris, and was called to the priesthood. The will of my superiors obliged me to perform the first duties of my vocation in the great city; but my own wish was to be appointed to a cure of souls in your province, Gabriel. Can you imagine why?"

The answer to this question was in Gabriel's heart; but he was still too deeply awed and affected by what he had heard to give it utterance.

"I must tell you then what my motive was," said Father Paul. "You must know, first, that I uniformly abstained from disclosing to any one where and by whom my life had been attempted. I kept this a secret from the men who rescued me — from the surgeon — from my own friends even. My reason for such a proceeding was, I would fain believe, a Christian reason. I hope I had always felt a sincere and humble desire to prove myself, by the help of God, worthy of the

sacred vocation to which I was destined. But my miraculous escape from death made an impression on my mind, which gave me another and an infinitely higher view of this vocation — the view which I have since striven, and shall always strive for the future, to maintain. As I lay, during the first days of my recovery, examining my own heart, and considering in what manner it would be my duty to act towards your father, when I was restored to health, a thought came into my mind which calmed, comforted, and resolved all my doubts. I said within myself — 'In a few months more I shall be called to be one of the chosen ministers of God. If I am worthy of my vocation, my first desire towards this man, who has attempted to take my life, should be, not to know that human justice has overtaken him, but to know that he has truly and religiously repented and made atonement for his guilt. To such repentance and atonement let it be my duty to call him; if he reject that appeal, and be hardened only the more against me because I have forgiven him my injuries, then it will be time enough to denounce him for his crimes to his fellow-men. Surely it must be well for me, here and hereafter, if I begin my career in the holy priesthood by helping to save from hell the soul of the man who, of all others, has most cruelly wronged me.' It was for this reason, Gabriel — it was because I desired to go straightway to your father's cottage and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead — that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first, and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned me in a far district. The persecution under which we still suffer broke out; the designs of my life were changed; my own will became no longer mine to guide me. But, through sorrow and suffering, and danger and bloodshed, I am now led after many days to the execution of that first purpose which I formed on entering the priesthood. Gabriel! when the service is over, and the congregation are dispersed, you must guide me to the door of your father's cottage."

He held up his hand, in sign of silence, as Gabriel was about to answer. Just then, the officiating priests above were pronouncing the final benediction. When it was over, Father Paul opened the cabin-door. As he ascended the steps, followed by Gabriel, Père Bonan met them. The old man looked doubtfully and searchingly on his future son-in-law, as he respectfully whispered a few words in the ear of the priest. Father Paul listened attentively, answered in a whisper, and then turned to Gabriel, first telling the few people near them to withdraw a little. "I have been asked whether there is any impediment to your marriage," he said, "and have answered

that there is none. What you have said to me has been said in confession, and is a secret between us two. Remember that; and forget not, at the same time, the service which I shall require of you to-night, after the marriage ceremony is over. Where is Rose Bonan?" he added aloud, looking round him. Rose came forward. Father Paul took her hand, and placed it in Gabriel's. "Lead her to the altar steps," he said, "and wait there for me."

It was more than an hour later; the boats had left the ship's side; the congregation had dispersed over the face of the country—but still the vessel remained at anchor. Those who were left in her watched the land more anxiously than usual; for they knew that Father Paul had risked meeting the soldiers of the republic by trusting himself on shore. A boat was awaiting his return on the beach; half of the crew, armed, being posted as scouts in various directions on the high land of the heath. They would have followed and guarded the priest to the place of his destination; but he forbade it, and, leaving them abruptly, walked swiftly onward with one young man only for his companion.

Gabriel had committed his brother and his sisters to the charge of Rose. They were to go to the farm-house that night with his newly-married wife and her father and mother. Father Paul had desired that this might be done. When Gabriel and he were left alone to follow the path which led to the fisherman's cottage, the priest never spoke while they walked on—never looked aside either to the right or the left—always held his ivory crucifix clasped to his breast. They arrived at the door. "Knock," whispered Father Paul to Gabriel, "and then wait here with me."

The door was opened. On a lovely moonlight night François Sarzeau had stood on that threshold, years since, with a bleeding body in his arms; on a lovely moonlight night, he now stood here again, confronting the very man whose life he had attempted, and knowing him not.

Father Paul advanced a few spaces, so that the moonlight fell fuller on his features, and removed his hat. François Sarzeau looked, started, moved one step back, then stood motionless and perfectly silent while all traces of expression of any kind suddenly vanished from his face. Then the calm, clear tones of the priest stole gently on the dead silence. "I bring a message of peace and forgiveness from a guest of former years," he said; and pointed, as he spoke, to the place where he had been wounded in the neck. For one moment, Gabriel saw his father trembling violently from head to foot—then his limbs steadied again—stiffened suddenly, as if struck by catalepsy. His lips parted,

but without quivering; his eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him: "Wait here till I come back;" then there was an instant of silence again—then a low groaning sound, that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard—and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up, and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

Once, after an interval, he approached the window. He just saw through it the hand of the priest holding on high the ivory crucifix; but stopped not to see more, for he heard such words, such sounds, as drove him back to his former place. There he stayed, until the noise of something falling heavily within the cottage, struck on his ear. Again he advanced towards the door; heard Father Paul praying; listened for several minutes; then heard a moaning voice, now joining itself to the voice of the priest, now choked in sobs and bitter wailing. Once more he went back out of hearing, and stirred not again from his place. He waited a long and a weary time there—so long that one of the scouts on the look-out came towards him, evidently suspicious of the delay in the priest's return. He waved the man back, and then looked again towards the door. At last, he saw it open—saw Father Paul approach him, leading François Sarzeau by the hand.

The fisherman never raised his downcast eyes to his son's face; tears trickled silently over his cheeks; he followed the hand that led him, as a little child might have followed it, listening anxiously and humbly at the priest's side to every word that he spoke. "Gabriel," said Father Paul, in a voice which trembled a little, for the first time that night—"Gabriel, it has pleased God to grant the perfect fulfilment of the purpose which brought me to this place; I tell you this, as all that you need—as all, I believe, that you would wish—to know of what has passed while you have been left waiting for me here. Such words as I have now to speak to you are spoken by your father's earnest desire. It is his own wish that I should communicate to you his confession of having secretly followed you to The Merchant's Table, and of having discovered (as you discovered) that no evidence of his guilt remained there. This admission he thinks will be enough to account for his conduct towards yourself from that time to this. I have next to tell you (also at your father's desire) that he has promised in my presence, and now promises again in yours, sincerity of repentance in this

manner: — When the persecution of our religion has ceased — as cease it will, and that speedily, be assured of it! — he solemnly pledges himself henceforth to devote his life, his strength, and what worldly possessions he may have, or may acquire, to the task of erecting and restoring the roadside crosses which have been sacrilegiously overthrown and destroyed in his native province, and to doing good, good where he may. I have now said all that is required of me, and may bid you farewell — bearing with me the happy remembrance that I have left a father and son reconciled and restored to each other. May God bless and prosper you, and those dear to you, Gabriel! May God accept your father's repentance, and bless him also throughout his future life!"

He took their hands pressed them long and warmly, then turned and walked quickly down the path which led to the beach. Gabriel dared not trust himself yet to speak; but he raised his arm, and put it gently round his father's neck. The two stood together so, looking out dimly through the tears that filled their eyes, to the sea. They saw the boat put off in the bright track of the moonlight, and reach the vessel's side; they watched the spreading of the sails, and followed the slow course of the ship till she disappeared past a distant headland from sight. After that, they went into the cottage together. They knew it not then; but they had seen the last, in this world, of Father Paul.

The events foretold by the good priest happened sooner than even he had anticipated. A new government ruled the destinies of France, and the persecution ceased in Brittany. Among other propositions which were then submitted to the parliament, was one advocating the restoration of the roadside crosses throughout the province. It was found, however, on inquiry, that these crosses were to be counted by thousands, and that the mere cost of the wood required to erect them necessitated an expenditure of money which the bankrupt nation could ill afford to spare. While this project was under discussion, and before it was finally rejected, one man had undertaken the task which the government shrank from attempting. When Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother and sisters to live with his wife and himself at the farm-house, François Sarzeau left it also, to perform in highway and byway his promise to Father Paul. For months and months he labored without intermission at his task; still, always doing good, and rendering help and kindness and true charity to all whom he could serve. He walked many a weary mile, toiled through many a hard day's work, humbled himself even to beg of others, to get wood enough to restore a

single cross. No one ever heard him complain, ever saw him impatient, ever detected him in faltering at his task. The shelter in an out-house, the crust of bread and drink of water, which he could always get from the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among the people who watched his perseverance, a belief began to gain ground that his life would be miraculously prolonged until he had completed his undertaking from one end of Brittany to the other. But this was not to be. He was seen one cold autumn evening, silently and steadily at work as usual, setting up a new cross on the site of one which had been shattered to splinters in the troubled times. In the morning he was found lying dead beneath the sacred symbol which his own hands had completed and erected in its place during the night. They buried him where he lay; and the priest who consecrated the ground allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was simply the initial letters of the dead man's name, followed by this inscription — "*Pray for the repose of his soul; he died penitent, and the doer of good works.*"

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear anything of Father Paul. The good priest showed, by writing to the farm-house, that he had not forgotten the family so largely indebted to him for their happiness. The letter was dated "Rome." Father Paul said, that such services as he had been permitted to render to the Church in Brittany, had obtained for him a new and a far more glorious trust than any he had yet held. He had been recalled from his curacy, and appointed to be at the head of a mission which was shortly to be despatched to convert the inhabitants of a savage and a far distant land to the Christian faith. He now wrote, as his brethren with him were writing, to take leave of all friends forever in this world, before setting out — for it was well known to the chosen persons entrusted with the new mission, that they could only hope to advance its object by cheerfully risking their own lives for the sake of their religion. He gave his blessing to François Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family; and bade them affectionately farewell for the last time. There was a postscript in the letter, which was addressed to Rose, and which she often read afterwards with tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if she should have any children, she would show her friendly and Christian remembrance of him by teaching them to pray (as he hoped she herself would pray) that a blessing might attend Father Paul's labors in the distant land. The priest's loving petition was never forgotten. When Rose taught its first prayer to her first child, the little creature was instructed to end the few simple words pronounced at its mother's knees, with: — "God bless Father Paul!"

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

On one side of a letter addressed

To Mr. Allan Ramsay, at M^{rs} Ross's, in Orange-court, near the Meuse, London,

and thus endorsed by Andrew Millar, the publisher—

Ed^r July 15, 1732. Allan Ramsay, at Ed^r to A. M., allowing him y^e liberty of reprinting his 3 vols. of songs, to w^{ch} he agr^{es}, per his July 27,

is the following interesting letter:—

Edinburgh, July 13th, 1732.

DEAR ANDREW, — I received yours of date the 6th inst., and allow you to print the three volumes of the Tea Table Miscellanys or Collections of Songs published by me in what form you please, on your paying me against Martinmas next five pounds sterling. Further I empower you to take up for me five guineas from the printers of my Poems, the unpaid moiety as agreed on between them and Mr. M'Ewen, who had instructions from me to transact with them, and to whom they paid the first moiety. — I am, dear Andrew, your very humble servt.,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My son brings you this, if he approves of it. If we agree, I desire that you would send none of them to this country — it is scarce worth your while.

Beneath, on part of the letter from the poet to his son, afterwards the distinguished painter, occurs —

If you do not like the proposal tell Mr. Millar so. Send me account of this affair with the first post.

Ramsay's letter relates to the first collected edition of the Tea Table Miscellany, that in three thin duodecimo volumes, with the same pagination throughout, printed for Andrew Millar in 1733, and called "the ninth edition, being the completest and most correct of any yet published by Allan Ramsay."

The first volume of the Tea Table Miscellany was published at Edinburgh in 1724. The second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately in 24mo, at various intervals. When the second was published is, I believe, unknown. The third appeared at Edinburgh in 1727, and the fourth at London in 1740. A pirated edition was published at Dublin in 1729, three volumes in one, 12mo, pp. 334, "printed for E. Smith." Ramsay's letter relates to the ninth, and the following advertisement in the Caledonian Mercury of July 17, 1740, to the tenth edition:—

This day is published, neatly printed in a pocket volume, the tenth edition, being the completest and most correct of any yet published,

with the addition of one hundred and fifty songs, The Tea Table Miscellany; or, a collection of the most choice Songs, Scots and English. By Allan Ramsay. Printed for A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, in the Strand, and sold by him, &c.

The eleventh edition was published at London, four vols. in one, 12mo, 1750. The subsequent ones are merely reprints of each other. The eighteenth, and probably the latest, edition appeared at Edinburgh in 1792.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FRUITS OF THE WILDS.

HORTICULTURAL art may point to its *élèves* with pride; but let not Nature remain unrepresented. Let us not forget that Providence has kindly spread abroad wild fruits for those who cannot command the luxuries of the fenced and tended garden. The small raspberry beside the brook, and the sweet Wood Strawberry, the delight of peasant children, have passed away before autumn commenced; but all over the country the wholesome and pleasant Blackberry offers an abundant feast to all who are not too proud to stoop for it; and both its flowers and fruit are useful to the dyer. The species called the *rose blackberry* is the badge of the Scotch clan MacNab. The species called dewberry (*rubus cæsius*), with its fine, dark-blue bloom, and the large grains of its small juicy fruit, has been thought worthy, by Shakspeare, of forming part of Titania's fairy feast (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. scene 2):—

Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

Boggy grounds, especially on mountains, supply the elegant Cranberry, with its erect, shining leaves, and very pretty rose-colored flowers, succeeded by the speckled and mottled berries, that look like tiny birds' eggs. The name is properly *craneberry*, because the footstalks bend like the neck of a crane, the flower-bud representing the crane's head. It is a badge of the clan Grant.

The clan M'Farlane bears as its device the handsome Cloudberry, that takes its name from growing on the tops of high mountains, almost among the clouds, and decorates those wild scenes with its smooth-surfaced, serrate edged leaves, and fair white flowers, which give place to the tawnyberry, that lies uninjured beneath the snows, and is prized by the mountaineers for its long duration, as well as for its antiscorbutic qualities, and its pleasant acid flavor.

On the heathy hill we look for the Bilberry (or whortleberry), with its myrtle-like leaves, adorned by its waxen rosy flowers, and afterwards with its dark-blue bloomy fruit, rich in

sanguine-colored juice. It is the badge of the clan M'Lean; but among the ancients it was the emblem of treachery from the story of Myrtilus. Hippodamia, the beautiful daughter of Oenomaus, King of Etis, was wooed by many Greek princes; but an oracle having declared that her husband would be the cause of her father's death, the latter, to prevent her marriage, refused to give her to any, save one who would be able to conquer him in a chariot race, which he flattered himself would be impossible, as his horses were of unrivalled fleetness. Notwithstanding the condition made by the king, that each of his defeated competitors should forfeit his life, thirteen princes had attempted the race, and been defeated and slain. But the fourteenth, Pelops, son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia, bribed Myrtilus, the charioteer of Oenomaus, to leave a linchpin of his master's chariot loose, by which means the chariot was overturned, and the king mortally injured. When dying, he requested Pelops, the victor, to avenge him on his faithless charioteer, which Pelops did, by throwing Myrtilus into the sea. The waves having cast his body ashore, it was honorably buried by the people of the country, by whom he was reputed the son of Mercury; and the bilberry is said to have first sprung from his grave. In botany it bears his name, *Vaccinium Myrtilus*, an appellation which is also appropriate, from the resemblance of the shrub to a little myrtle. Myrtilus is fabled, by the classic mythology, to have been ultimately translated by Mercury to the skies, where he shines as the constellation Auriga, or the Charioteer. The bilberry has been called "the fruit of the proscribed," because growing in solitudes, fit for the haunts of outlaws, who have used its blood-red juice to stain and disguise their faces.

With these fruits of the mountains and the wilds we will associate a simple rustic song, which we translate from the original Irish, a language that deserves to be better known and appreciated for its variety, energy, and pathos; a language that can boast of more peasant poets than perhaps any other in Europe. This song was popular in Munster (among those who understood the original, for we believe it has never before appeared in English). It was written by a poor piper (whose name we have been unable to learn), in opposition to a song in praise of a hill called the Hill of Heath, composed by a rival musician, of which only a few fragments are now extant. The pictures of rural plenty and happiness presented in our song exist no longer, save in the memory of those who talk of "the good old times in poor Ireland" before the famine and the emigration. In order to preserve the rhythm we mark the pause for the voice by the *cæsura* thus "in

places where it cannot be marked by the punctuation: —

THE HILL OF HEATH.

FROM THE IRISH.

(A Aindir mhilis, mhanla, a ttag me gean is gradh dhuit, &c.)

My darling white-armed maiden, I'll love thee very dearly!

I'd give thee the best dwelling "that ere was built on earth,

I'd go with thee to Arran,* to France, or Spain how cheerly;

To wildest strand of ocean, or the fair hill of mirth.

We'd wile an hour in watching "the boats come homewards rowing,

Or loiter in the lone wood, "the shady boughs beneath;

I'd need not breast the steep then, with gay song upward going

To ask for news of Mary "upon the Hill of Heath.

High on the stone-heaped mountaint "one day when lonely lying,

From Benduff's peak so darksome "I looked out east by north;

I heard the cuckoo speaking, I saw the sea-gulls flying,

While with their dams the lambkins "and calves were going forth.

The badger and the weasle "there get them lairs for sleeping;

The red fox finds a shelter "from winds that rudely breathe,

The Banshee chants her dirges, half singing and half weeping,

That scene is grander far than "the little Hill of Heath.

There bloom the rose and lily, and honey is abounding,

There the bright crystal ‡ sparkles, the white swan glides along,

The heath-cocks there are crowding, the hounds' shrill cry resounding,

Harpers at each door are chiming "to sweet-voiced maidens' song.

There grow sweet fruits, the berry "upon the wild bush blazes,

There are all things delicious "to keep away grim death,

There dwells my love whose beauty "excels all beauteous faces —

That place is better far than "the little Hill of Heath.

There is sweet milk and butter, "fat swine at all times straying

On both sides of the river, and round the verdant hill,

* The Isle of Arran in the Bay of Galway.

† Alluding to the cairns, or piles of loose stones, anciently heaped up as sepulchral monuments.

‡ The quartz crystal.

Fair islets gem the waters "where speckled trout
are playing ;

Sleek calves and well-fed cattle "the merry
woodlands fill.

Both winter time and summer "the trees there
give us pleasure ;

Good liquor there is plenty "each merry roof
beneath ;

I'd rather chant thy praises, sweet spot ! in
worthy measure

Than sing the withered furze on "the little
Hill of Heath.

I've gazed on cheerful harbors, in stately cities,
pondered ;

I've trod the heath-clad mountain, "fair vale,
and rushy plain,

From Cork of Coves so pleasant "to Bal'nasloe
I've wandered :

Then from the north returning "to Cashel
came again.

I've passed two years in roving, I've sat where
guests are many,

I've drained the glass, and gayly "have set
my pipes to breathe,

But maiden like my true love "I never yet
found any —

Save one with fairy form on "the little Hill
of Heath.

ANECDOTE OF A CROCODILE. The Indians told us, that at San Fernando scarcely a year passes without two or three grown-up persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her go, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, reached the shore, swimming with the hand that still remained to her. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the best means that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a lion, or a crocodile ; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that may await him. "I knew," said the young girl of Uritucu coolly, "that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into his eyes." Long after my return to Europe, I learned that in the interior of Africa the negroes know and practise the same means of defence. Who does not recollect with lively interest, Isaac, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, who was seized twice by a crocodile, and twice escaped from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes while under water ? The African Isaac and the young American girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas. — *Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

SPEED ON RAILWAYS. — Dr. Lardner adopts some ingenious arguments, or rather illustrations, to render familiar the extraordinary velocity with which our express trains move. The Great Western Express to Exeter travels at the rate of 43 miles an hour, including stoppages, or 51 miles an hour without including stoppages ; to attain this rate, a speed of 60 miles an hour is adopted midway between some of the stations ; and in certain experimental trips 70 miles an hour have been reached. A speed of 70 miles an hour is about equivalent to 35 yards per second, or 35 yards between two beats of a common clock ; all objects near the eye of a passenger travelling at this rate will pass by his eye in the thirty-fifth part of a second ; and if 35 stakes were erected at the side of the road, a yard asunder, they would not be distinguishable one from another ; if painted red, they would appear collectively as a continuous flash of red color. If two trains with this speed passed each other, the relative velocity would be 70 yards per second ; and if one of the trains were 70 yards long, it would flash by in a single second. Supposing the locomotive which draws such a train to have driving-wheels seven feet in diameter, these wheels will revolve five times in a second ; the piston moves along the cylinder ten times in a second ; the valve moves and the steam escapes ten times in a second — but as there are two cylinders, which act alternately, there are really twenty puffs or escapes of steam in a second. The locomotive can be heard to "cough" when moving slowly, the cough being occasioned by the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney ; but twenty coughs per second cannot be separated by the ear, their individuality becoming lost. Such a locomotive speed is equal to nearly one-fourth that of a cannon-ball ; and the momentum of a whole train, moving at such a speed, would be nearly equivalent to the aggregate force of a number of cannon-balls, equal to one-fourth the weight of the train : that a "smash" should follow a "collision," is no subject for marvel, if a train moving at such speed — or anything like such speed — should meet with any obstacle to its progress. — *Dodd's Curiosities of Industry.*

Select Poems of Prior and Swift.

A judicious selection from the poems of men whose names are better known to this generation than their works. The editor, who has already proved his hand in the Selections from Dryden, introduces each author by a critical preface ; the estimate in both cases being true, though we think he assigns a poetical merit to Prior which the present generation will hardly confirm. The "Henry and Emma" inculcates a blindly confident love, which is opposed to the opinions of the present day ; "Solomon," notwithstanding the great merit of passages and parts, is deficient in interest as a whole. Johnson, who was born before Prior died, and who wrote at a time when his works were popular, felt "that it wanted that without which all other excellences are of small avail, the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity." — *Spectator.*